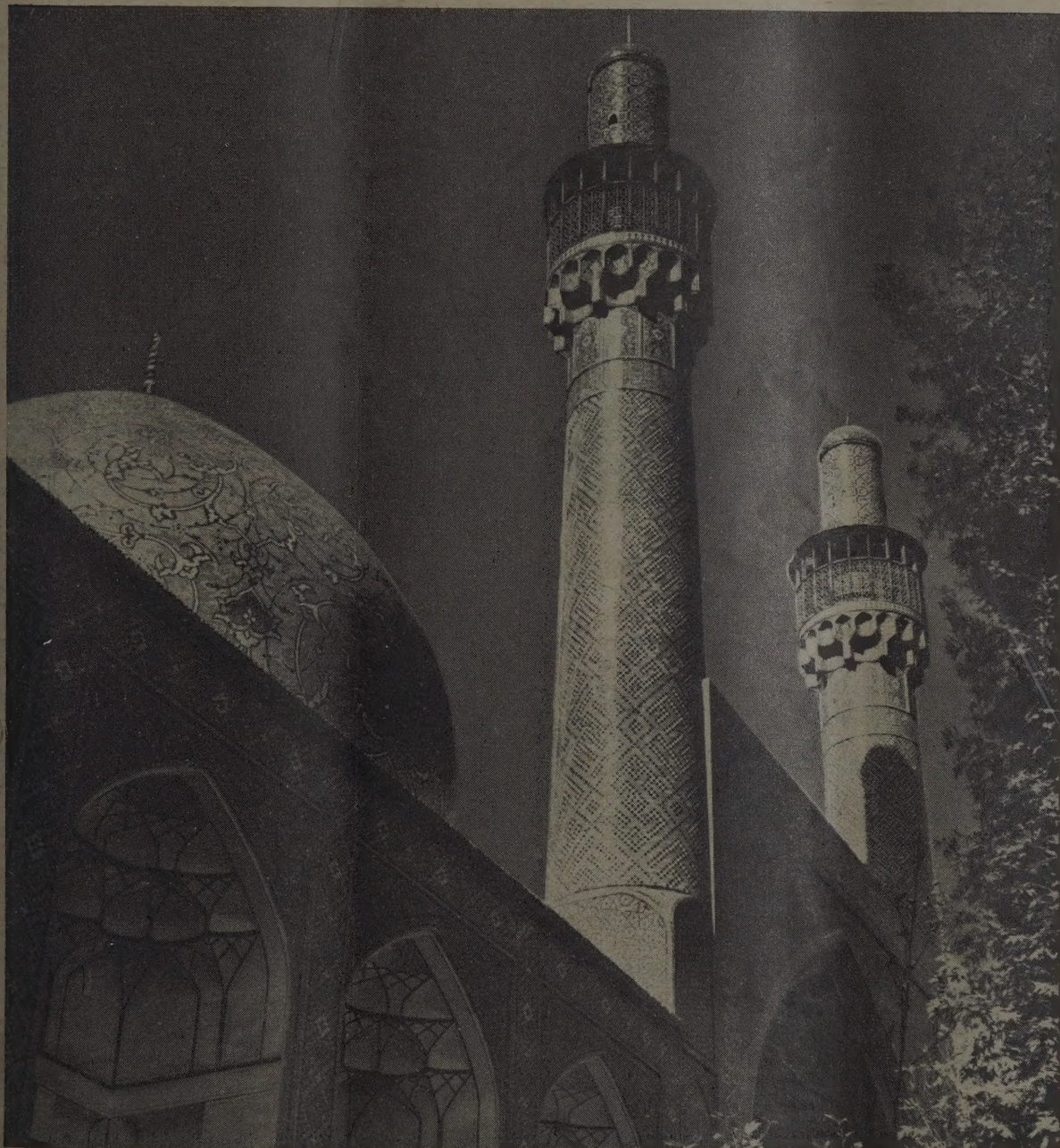


# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



The Masjid Chaharbagh, Isfahan, Persia (see 'A Look at Teheran and Isfahan', by Sacheverell Sitwell, page 502)

In this number:

The Intellectual in the English World (Sir Harold Nicolson)

Radio Telescopes and Secrets of the Galaxy (A. C. B. Lovell)

A Double Debt to Yeats (Stephen Spender)

The Third Programme Anthology (Rose Macaulay)





## Maintaining a Balance

MAINTAINING A BALANCE between income and expenditure is as big a problem for the citizen as for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The average man, however, can make adequate provision for the future through mutual life assurance—for retirement, house purchase, business needs, children's education and so on, at the same time giving full protection to his family and dependants.

In addition, profits earned through investment are returned to policyholders in the form of bonuses: the United Kingdom Provident, a leading mutual office with large, well-diversified investments, has a first-class bonus record.

*Write for particulars of the full range of our Whole Life and Endowment policies.*

## United Kingdom Provident Institution

HEAD OFFICE:

33 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

MANSON HOUSE 6543

TO: UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION  
33 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3



*Please send me your prospectus of life assurance*

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

MBL

## OCTOBER

### *Time by the Forelock*

IT IS SAFE to say that nobody starts Christmas shopping before October, and that people who do begin it before the month is out are persons of unusual providence. When we meet them—their car laden to the gunwale with parcels, their long, neat list already more than half ticked off—we do not feel for them the admiration they deserve. Why not? They have not stolen a march on us, they have not availed themselves of some privilege which we do not share; all they have done, as far as we are concerned, is helpfully to ensure that, when we hurl ourselves into the fray in mid-December, there will be one less person between us and the counter. And yet—despite all this, despite our better natures—we cannot help being vaguely, mildly annoyed with them. Occasionally those of us who are not irredeemably unmethodical have an impulse to follow their example; we may even get as far as entering a shop and gazing about us in a dynamic and discriminating way. Much good seldom comes of this. We have not got a list, we do not know what we want nor whom we want it for; we lack a plan. Outside the air is still mellow, the twilight of the year not yet upon us. We make some idiotic purchase and withdraw. It is no good meeting trouble halfway, and there are better things to do in October than our Christmas shopping.



Many of the imported commodities which contribute to the Christmas festivities come within the orbit of the Midland Bank even earlier than October. The Bank provides an all-the-year-round service for importers and exporters—as may be seen from the booklet 'Trading Abroad' (free from any branch).

## MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2



# The Listener

Vol. LVI. No. 1436

Thursday October 4 1956

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

The Suez Canal and the Security Council (Bickham Sweet-Escott)	491
Plans for a European Common Market (Paul Bareaux)	493
Rural China under the Communists (John Hill, M.P.)	493
Argentina without Perón (George Pendle)	494

### SPECTS OF AFRICA:

The African Woman in Town and Tribe (J. F. Holleman)	496
--	-----

### THE LISTENER:

After the Holidays	498
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	498

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

The Leek and the Shamrock (Eric Dovaston)	499
Visiting a Soviet Health Resort ('Soviet View')	499
A New British Sport (Francis James)	500

### MISCELLANEOUS:

The Intellectual in the English World (Sir Harold Nicolson)	501
---	-----

### TRAVEL:

A Look at Teheran and Isfahan (Sacheverell Sitwell)	502
---	-----

### ARCHITECTURE:

Pagodas and Palaces (Susanne Lang)	504
------------------------------------	-----

### ASTRONOMY:

Radio Telescopes and Secrets of the Galaxy (A. C. B. Lovell)	506
--	-----

### HISTORY:

Attacking a Nation's Heart (Norman Gibbs)	508
---	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	510
--	-----

### LITERATURE:

A Double Debt to Yeats (Stephen Spender)	513
The Listener's Book Chronicle	519
Happy Choice (Rose Macaulay)	523

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Victor Purcell, R. W. Ford, Benjamin H. Kizer, Edmund Rubbra, Andrew Wordsworth, and Professor A. H. Dodd	515
---	-----

### ART:

Three London Exhibitions (pictures)	518
-------------------------------------	-----

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound)	524
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace)	524
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin)	525
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)	527
Music (Dyneley Hussey)	527

### MUSIC:

Bizet in Scotland (Winton Dean)	529
---------------------------------	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	531
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	531
-----------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,375	531
---------------------	-----

## The Suez Canal and the Security Council

By BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

**W**HEN the powers were at the brink of war over Bulgaria, about seventy years ago, Bismarck suggested that a conference should be held to 'drown the question in ink'. There is a large number of people in this country, and I expect even more in France, who think that the incessant diplomatic activity we have seen since Colonel Nasser nationalised the Suez Canal Company is designed to drown that question, too, in ink. This conviction has become even deeper since the reference of the question to the Security Council of the United Nations, and it is important to try to see whether it really is justified.

First, let us be clear on what is happening at the Security Council. The Council consists of five permanent members enjoying the right of veto—the United States, France, the Soviet Union, Nationalist China, and ourselves. There are also six other members who have no veto. They are at present Australia, Persia, Peru, Yugoslavia, Cuba, and Belgium. All that has happened so far is that the Council has agreed to put on the agenda for its next meeting a complaint made by the British and the French Governments on September 23, and a complaint made by the Egyptians the day after. The British and the French request to the committee is that the Council should consider the action of the Egyptian Government in bringing to an end the international operation of the Canal confirmed by the famous convention of 1888. The Egyptians' complaint is about 'actions against her by some powers, particularly France and the United Kingdom, which she alleges constitute a threat to international peace'.

Neither of the two complaints says under which article of the United Nations Charter it is being made, but it is fairly clear what the two parties have in mind. The Charter says that if there is a dispute which is likely to endanger peace, the parties to it must first of all try to settle it by negotiation, and that if this fails they must then refer it to the Security Council. That is what the West did over the Berlin air-lift,

though not until over three months after the dispute arose, and this is evidently the article of the Charter the British and the French now have in mind. On the other hand, the Charter also says that we must refrain from the threat or use of force, and that any member must bring to the attention of the United Nations any dispute likely to endanger peace; and this is presumably what the Egyptians have in mind in making their complaint.

Bitter experience has taught us all that reference to the Security Council is not likely to produce quick results, and only too often produces no practical result at all. In this case the Russians will presumably use their veto if things look like going against the Egyptians; and if things look like going against the West, either the French or ourselves or possibly the Americans will use their veto. If either of these two things happens there will remain the alternative course of reference to the Assembly, which consists of all the members of the United Nations; but the Assembly does not meet for some little time, and if any effective action is to be taken by the Assembly a two-thirds majority is needed, which might be difficult for either party to obtain. In other words, it does not look as if we are likely to get much forrader by consulting the United Nations about this matter which is so vital to us and to Colonel Nasser. That is why some of us consider that it is merely an attempt to drown the question in ink, in Bismarck's words. So those who think this way are convinced that nothing effective can result from consulting the United Nations.

I am sure that a good many of the people who are of that opinion are obsessed by the sad story of the League of Nations between the wars, but they are inclined to forget that there are at least two important differences between the old League of Nations and the United Nations of today. One is that by the middle 'thirties three Great Powers—Germany, Italy, and Japan—had ceased to be members of the League of Nations altogether, and the United States never was a member at all.



Without them the League could not, with the best will in the world, become a very effective body, whereas all the Great Powers are still members of the United Nations in spite of all we have been through since 1945. The other difference is that the membership of the United Nations is far wider than that of the old League of Nations, and the reason for that is that so many new nations in the Middle East and in Asia and elsewhere have become independent states since the end of the last war and so have become eligible for membership. It is not fanciful to say that many of these new states regard their membership of the United Nations as the recognition of their independence by the world in general, and they are accordingly inclined to take their rights and duties under the Charter very seriously. It happens that most of these new states are economically important to us in the West—India, Ceylon, and Indonesia, for instance. It also happens that many of them are uncommitted in the struggle for their friendship which is going on between the West and the Soviets.

### No Monopoly of Reasoning Power

All this makes the United Nations a far more important body to us than ever the League was. But it does not follow that it will be any more effective, or even that it will be an effective body at all. It is a complete fallacy to suppose that there is any reason why it should be. The United Nations has no army. The collective reasoning power of its committees is certainly no greater than that of any other gathering of human beings. Then, again, we have all heard the stories of the bargaining that goes on between certain states which want the votes of certain other states. It is true that the United Nations has achieved some remarkable successes in settling international disputes. For example, there was Mr. Hammarskjöld's mission to the Middle East a few months ago when he seems to have prevented the outbreak of another war between the Arabs and the Israelis. Then there was the Korean war, when the United Nations acted with great speed, though it is true that their effectiveness on that occasion was due to the accident that the Russians happened to be boycotting the Security Council at the time, so that Russia was not able to use her veto. There was all the work the United Nations Special Commission on the Balkans did to prevent the guerrilla war in Greece from spreading any further. I myself happened to be there part of the time and could see what an immense amount of work this involved. I think one might also mention the Azerbaijan incident in 1946, when the Russians were eventually induced to withdraw their troops from Persia. But there is a long list of failures and disappointments, the Palestine war in 1948, for instance. And there was the failure of the United Nations to remove the Egyptian ban on Israeli shipping using the Suez Canal. That particular incident has a good deal of relevance to the present situation, because many people think it is odd that we should make such a fuss about the free navigation of the Canal now, when for years we have all of us been allowing the Egyptians to prevent Israeli shipping from using the Canal at all. The truth is that, as its warmest defenders would admit, it is wrong to expect the United Nations to force any of its members to do anything. And we have no reason for hoping that its collective wisdom will produce a plan which nobody else has thought of already. Lake Success has no monopoly of wise men.

It is because of all this that many people here and in France have been inclined to question the use of applying to the United Nations. Some of the people who take this view do so because they suffer from an unreasoning terror at the possibility that the dirty word 'appeasement' might be applied to something they do or say. Others are now described, aptly I think, as advocates of gunboat diplomacy, and their attitude to the Egyptians and their supporters has been summed up by the old Roman proverb 'Let them hate so long as they fear'. But one of the troubles about gunboat diplomacy is that in these days nobody is very much afraid of a gunboat. If we are going to make ourselves really feared we have to use vessels a good deal more powerful than that, and the limited war which gunboat diplomacy is supposed to guarantee may easily turn into something much more formidable.

And it is wrong to suggest that we would be happy enough to be hated by the Arab world and the new nations of Asia provided they were really afraid of us. On the contrary, our whole existence depends on their goodwill, for otherwise how can we hope to convert the uncommitted peoples of the world to western views? That is something which is going to be difficult enough anyway, even if we do not act like the colonialist Powers they believe we still are. When the Roman historian Tacitus is describing how another imperialist Power—the Roman Empire—was pushing its forces forward into the mountains of

Scotland, and the Legions were confronting our Scottish ancestors, put some wise words into the mouth of the Scottish chieftain. 'and Terror', he made him say, 'make a poor basis for goodwill. You take them away, those who used to be afraid begin to hate you. Mr. Menzies rightly said the other day; there is no need to get into a state of mind in which the mention of the word 'force' becomes forbidden. But it is equally important to remember what force may do to us, not only in lives and treasure but also in the goodwill of all the people on whom our future so much depends.

The other reason why gunboat diplomacy seems, to me at any rate, to be mistaken is that, as was pointed out in the debate on Sunday in the House of Lords, there has been a complete transformation of the present century in the attitude of the civilised world to the use of force. The use of force is still tolerated if the object is to protect your nationals or your property when the local authority will not or cannot give them that protection. But except in this case, it can no longer be regarded as an instrument of policy because its use is regulated by international law. In other words, by signing the Charter we have really surrendered some of our sovereignty. We cannot any of us now decide off our own bat whether or not to use force in a given case, because we have agreed that the use of force is limited by the Charter. To defy the obligations under the Charter is difficult, if not impossible altogether, for any nation such as ourselves or the French to which respect for international obligations ought to mean so much. That is certainly one of the reasons why we and the French have made our complaint to the Security Council.

But to my mind there is another and perhaps even more important reason why we have done so. With all its faults and all the inadequacies and all its ineffectiveness, the United Nations does provide, in a way that the League of Nations never did, a means whereby world opinion can express itself. That, I think, is its true function as things are today, and its real importance to us in our present situation. For us and the French to by-pass the United Nations altogether would not only be to break our word. It would be to say that world opinion does not matter to us, and I doubt whether even the Americans or the Russians are powerful enough to do that. We and the French are certainly not powerful enough to do so, and our situation would be desperate indeed if we did. If through the United Nations we can obtain the backing of world opinion, I am sure that our position will be immeasurably stronger than it is today, and I should have thought it would be well worth while putting up with the frustrations and delays which consulting the United Nations almost invariably seems to involve, if in the end world opinion declares itself to be on our side. And if we fail in this we are surely little worse off than we are today.—*Home Service*

## AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

Diaries of John Ruskin 1835-1847. Edited by Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse.

*Reviewed by Sir Kenneth Clark*

From the Other Shore. By Alexander Herzen.

*Reviewed by Sir Herbert Read*

Adonis and the Alphabet. By Aldous Huxley.

*Reviewed by Maurice Cranston*

Poetry Now. Edited by G. S. Fraser.

*Reviewed by Stephen Spender*

The Chatham Administration 1766-1768. By John Brook.

*Reviewed by Romney Sedgwick*

The First Four Georges. By J. H. Plumb.

*Reviewed by Roger Fulford*

and reviews of other new books



# Plans for a European Common Market

By PAUL BAREAU

THESE two words 'common market' may hold the key to a revolution in our foreign trade policy. What they stand for is the formation in western Europe of a large area within which trade could flow without having to overcome the obstacles of tariffs, quotas, and similar hindrances. They have recently appeared in the news in this country for two reasons: first, because it has suddenly become evident that this hitherto idealistic plan now looks like being realised; and, secondly, because if it does come into being this country must decide whether to be in it, or to be in some way associated with it, or to remain outside.

There are many people—politicians, leaders of industry and of labour—who, after two world wars, have felt that Europe was weakening itself politically and economically by being split into comparatively small units. There are no tariffs hampering trade within the United States, and that helps to explain their wealth and prosperity. Similarly, there are no tariffs or quotas within the vast Soviet Union. Why not achieve the same economic unity within Europe? That question has already been answered with some deeds. Six countries—France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg—have virtually pooled their steel and coal industries and have made a common market for those goods. At a conference in Messina held in June 1955, it was suggested that this idea of the common market should be extended. A plan has been drawn up which would mean that tariffs between these countries would be lowered, and finally abolished, over a fifteen-year period. This plan makes an exception for farm produce because completely free trade in this might cause too much unsettlement to agriculture, which in some of these countries is heavily protected.

One more point to note about the Common Market plan: each country would give up its power of negotiating tariffs with those outside the Common Market. The six would conduct these negotiations as a single unit and they would, therefore, have a common tariff against all outsiders. That is the plan; the full details and the clauses of the Treaty are now being worked out at a conference in Brussels.

What, then, is our attitude in Britain going to be? If we have nothing to do with it we may find ourselves shut out of this European free-trade market by tariffs which will still apply to us but not to the members of the Common Market. German manufactures, for example,

will be imported free of duty in France and Belgium, while British goods will have to pay duty. If, however, we were to become full members of the Common Market we would be giving up the power to negotiate tariffs with other countries. One effect of this is that we would have to abandon the whole of the imperial preference system. The preferential system may have lost some of its importance—partly because Canada and the new Asian Dominions do not attach overmuch weight to it; but it is still one of the links that bind the Commonwealth and should not be lightly discarded.

We do not, however, have to choose between Europe and the Commonwealth. A formula has been devised which would help us to keep a foot in both camps. The idea would be to create a free-trade area at the centre of which would be the six countries of the Common Market, but which would also include other members like Britain. These would undertake to lower and, finally, abolish their tariffs against the other members—but they would still have freedom to fix and negotiate their own tariffs against non-members—against the United States and Argentina and the Soviet Union, for example. That would allow us to maintain our Commonwealth preferences.

The main argument against even this limited association with the Common Market is the fear of competition from Europe. For example, at present our motor cars are protected in the home market by a 33½ per cent. duty on imported cars. Could we stand the reduction and, ultimately, the abolition of that duty? If we cannot stand on our own feet in the home market we have no chance of keeping our footing in the export markets on which we depend. A little more outside competition might provide a spur to efficiency and salesmanship. The benefit of joining would be that our goods would go duty free into Europe, a market which has been expanding more rapidly over the past five years than any other market in the world, including the Commonwealth.

Here, then, is an opportunity for Britain to increase not only its trade but its influence in western Europe. In some of the six countries that are planning this venture there is a fear that the Common Market might too easily become dominated by western Germany. They would like to see Britain associated with the scheme in order to maintain a better balance of power. To do this would be wholly in the tradition of Britain's policy towards Europe in the past.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

## Rural China under the Communists

By JOHN HILL, M.P.

THE crux of the agricultural problem in China is how to obtain more food from a countryside that is already highly cultivated and so densely populated that on an average there is only about half an acre of land per head.

The Communist plan has been to induce the peasant families to combine together and gradually merge their small private holdings into fully socialised co-operatives: which means that all reward is to be based upon work done, and that private ownership is limited to household goods, hand tools, and what can be raised on the small vegetable plots the farmers retain with their homes. In the last twelve months these co-operatives have spread like wildfire. By June of this year over 100,000,000 peasant households—that is over 90 per cent.—had joined the movement, and well over half are in fully developed co-operatives. That, at any rate, is what the Chinese Government states, and certainly what was seen, either on the ground or from the air, by the recent parliamentary group which visited China substantiates the claim.

In fact, there are solid reasons for this success. First, the average Chinese peasant has always had a hard and uncertain struggle against

flood and drought and the hazards of political instability. Secondly, the very small size of peasant holdings in most cases ruled out the use, and benefits, of modern agricultural techniques. So that, once peace and order were at long last established, there was plenty of scope for capital improvements and a quick increase in productivity in most areas. And that has been the effect of the new flood defences and irrigation works, the supply of better seed and fertilisers, better communications and improved marketing.

On balance, I was more impressed by all that had gone right rather than by what, as is inevitable in any agricultural plan, had gone wrong. The average Chinese family seemed to have had the same sort of reaction. The Chinese are skilled, intelligent, and industrious people. They take great pride in doing things well, as I saw for myself from all their crops. They like success and will support a programme which promises it.

The Chinese Government had taken great care to plan the success of this whole operation by providing technical guidance and training for local people. And they had made every effort, within the framework



of the co-operatives, to make joining them as attractive as possible. The whole apparatus of Communist propaganda is directed towards persuading, in many cases perhaps compelling, families to join the movement. But people may stay out if they wish. I am sure that the Communist Party want the peasants to feel that it is a voluntary effort they are making, so provision is made for late entrants. The reorganisation looks like coming to an early and successful conclusion. The main and crucial task remains of trying to double the food output in the twelve years to 1967. That is the draft plan. It is certainly a formidable one.

Lastly, what effect has all this had on traditional Chinese peasant life? It is impossible for the flying visitor to do more than guess. The peasant family has lost whatever privacy it may previously have had, but its members retain their home and immediate possessions. The

peasant goes out to work with a team of about ten families in all familiar routine jobs. There are still various ways, especially on his own vegetable patch, in which he can continue legitimately to make a bit extra for himself. Many new-fangled things have come to the village. Above all, it is being brought from isolation into close aural contact with China as a whole. The Chinese peasant now lives in the sound of the loudspeaker, indoors and out. Some new amenities are appearing: reading classes, electricity, a bus service, agricultural lectures, and more. But he now finds himself incessantly organised with little time for sitting and thinking alone or even just sitting. Still, the Chinese are very practical and adaptable people and if, and as long as, the peasant finds that the new system provides them with increased material well-being and security they will support it.—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

## Argentina without Perón

By GEORGE PENDLE

PERÓN was one of those leaders who arouse intense hatred or complete devotion. There is no middle course. Even in Great Britain, people cannot easily consider the former President of Argentina impartially. He was a revolutionary leader. Therefore he was abominated by those who had vested interests in—or simply a personal affection for—the old regime. And even today the effects of his rule are apparent in almost every branch of Argentine life.

The military and naval officers who have ruled Argentina during the past twelve months sincerely believe that the country needs to be purged of Perón politically, economically, and morally. Every measure that President Aramburu's government introduces is presented as correcting one or other of Perón's crimes or errors. General Aramburu earnestly assures the workers that they were hoaxed by their former leader. Nevertheless, while profound changes have been effected during the past year, most of the familiar social discords and economic problems still remain—because they were not created by Perón but were and are a feature of Argentina (indeed, of Latin American) development. And Perón himself was a man in keeping with the Argentine character.

### Violence and the Argentine Character

But, first, a word about violence, which has recurred—and in a more extreme form than was ever instigated by Perón. A hundred years ago Argentina's famous educator, Sarmiento, referred to the element of *barbarie* that existed in the national character. Its origin, he said, was in the rough life which the gaucho horsemen had always lived in the pampa, lassoing and killing wild cattle, breaking in horses, and fighting the savage Indians—and one another. The popular epic poem 'Martín Fierro', published in the eighteen-seventies, was a poem of violence and bloodshed. Even today, the distinguished poet Jorge Luis Borges writes:

According to Argentine ethics the spilling of blood is not especially memorable, and it is in man's nature that he should kill.

Perón's enemies had no means of removing him, except by violence. But when, in June of last year, they made their first serious attempt to destroy him by bombing the centre of Buenos Aires from the air, it seemed almost incredible that such an event should occur in this modern capital. I have seen a film of that day's bombing: the partly shattered buildings, the blazing motor-cars, the rows of corpses stretched out stiffly along the pavements—a terrible and chilling spectacle. Then there came the military and naval revolution which caused Perón's downfall last September. It has been followed by the arrest of hundreds of his followers, imprisonment, and banishment to the penal settlement in Tierra del Fuego. There have even been executions—although for a century the Argentines had been proud of the fact that their liberal Constitution of 1853 explicitly abolished the death penalty 'for ever'.

When Perón fell, no one in Argentina expected that the country could suddenly become a non-Peronista democracy. But many people have been distressed by the severity of the repression undertaken by President Aramburu and, in particular, by the Vice-President, Admiral Rojas. An ill-planned uprising against President Aramburu occurred in June this year. The leaders of the insurrection were disgruntled military

officers; and they naturally received the support of some Peronistas (according to the Government) of the communists. The rebels were quickly crushed; a number of them were immediately court-martialled and shot. The executions took the nation by surprise, and although arguments have been put forward to justify them, they caused him even among the Government's well-wishers, both at home and abroad.

President Aramburu and his colleagues honestly wish to establish parliamentary democracy in Argentina, eventually; but it was inevitable that, having attained power by force, they should have to use force to retain power—especially as their political supporters (Conservatives, Radicals, and Socialists) are mixed and divided among themselves. To understand the Government's position it is necessary to examine its political background; and, secondly, the economic troubles which beset the country.

Except during the period of rule by the Radicals in the nineteen-twenties, real power in Argentina was always in the hands of a group of great land-owning families. Then Perón took charge, and under this so-called 'oligarchy' had no influence in government circles. Although Perón attacked them in his speeches, imprisoned some of them for short periods, and his hooligans burned down their luxurious *Country Club*, he never deprived them of their huge estates. Since Perón's downfall the desire of the landowners, quite naturally, has been to recover their former power—as they did after the brief Radical interregnum of the nineteen-twenties. These families are conservative, cultured and charming people. They have always had close personal and commercial connections with Great Britain, which has been their chief market for the meat and grain from their *estancias*. But in the past ten years, new interests developed fast in Argentina—such as oil and industrial interests—and new ideas have been put into the world's heads.

### Predominant Radicals

I have used the word 'conservative' when referring to the land-owning oligarchy; but some members of the land-owning families have become prominent figures in the Radical Party. In Argentina there is no Conservative Party, in the British sense. For convenience, however, I shall use the term 'Conservative' to cover the various groups which, in general, can be designated 'right wing'; that is to say, the wealthy land-owners (with the exceptions already mentioned), the whole of the National Democrat Party, the more devout and militant Catholics (except for quite a while favoured Perón, eventually quarrelling with him), so on. There are differences of opinion within this wide grouping. The Radicals, too, are divided into several factions; but, in general, they are united in disagreeing with the Conservatives on certain main points. Like Perón in his later phase, they are anti-clerical; like Perón, they wish Argentina to become industrially self-supporting, whereas the Conservatives still dream of Argentina as a pastoral and agricultural country, importing manufactured goods in exchange for the produce of their *estancias*. Today the Radicals are the predominant political influence in government circles. They combined with the Conservatives against Perón, but it was the Radicals who insisted on the deposition of



devoutly Catholic General Lonardi last November, only two months after he had succeeded Perón. And subsequent Cabinet changes have increased the Radical ascendancy. The Radicals of all factions are pledged to hold free elections, which many Conservatives dread, as this would bring the masses into politics again.

President Aramburu has promised that elections will be held towards the end of 1957. Conservatives and Radicals are in agreement, at least, that meanwhile order must be maintained by force. The Conservatives would have no objection to the use of force for this purpose indefinitely—so long as it were not used against their own class, as it has been on more than one occasion since the removal of President Lonardi last November.

Argentina's new rulers have not been content with abolishing the Peronista Party; cancelling the constitution of 1949, wherein Perón had slightly 'modernised' the old constitution of 1853; removing Peronistas from their posts in the administration, the courts, universities, schools, the Olympic Games Committee, and elsewhere. In their determination to wipe out every possible trace of the former regime, the Government has undertaken to reverse many features of Perón's economic policies, to liquidate his state-trading organisations, and to establish a 'free' economy. The promise of 'orthodox' economic policies has already given new heart to foreign business men; and in recent months Argentina's currency has strengthened remarkably, until the free peso has approximately recovered, now, the position which it held in September 1955. But in economics, as in politics, there are conflicting interests.

In many respects, Argentina's economic predicament is similar to that which is to be found in other countries: inflation is constantly creating pressure for higher wages: exports are inadequate, causing an adverse balance of payments and hampering the importing of essential supplies; an antiquated transport system and the shortage of fuel and of electric power restrict production. In the past twelve months little progress has been made in solving these problems. The serious aspect of the situation is that the Government's supporters do not agree about the remedies to be adopted.

### Return to Controls

Immediately after Perón's downfall, President Lonardi called in as economic adviser Dr. Raúl Prebisch, who is an Argentine, an anti-Peronista, and a senior official in the Department of Economic and Social Affairs in the United Nations. Dr. Prebisch has made numerous recommendations to the Government, and has delivered public pronouncements explaining his proposals. But there is a difference between giving good advice and putting it into practice. Already, in February, the Government felt obliged to decree an increase in wages that was greatly in excess of the figure which Dr. Prebisch considered admissible; and although a 'free' economy would have required that employers should be entitled to raise prices to cover the higher cost of wages, in practice it has been found necessary to decree maximum prices for basic commodities. The fixing of maximum prices has led to the granting of subsidies to producers who could not be expected to operate at a loss. So, in this respect at least, Argentina has already returned to a rather 'controlled' economy.

Not only are there difficulties of that sort, in dealing with inflation: there is even opposition in government circles to some of Dr. Prebisch's fundamental, long-term recommendations. For he proposes—indeed, he insists on—a thoroughly planned economy, fixing the limits within which free enterprise will be allowed. Dr. Prebisch's argument—which he summarised in an important lecture at Santiago, Chile, in June—is, briefly, as follows. At the end of the second world war, Argentina was 'on the threshold of a period of intense economic and social change'. Perón's crime (according to Dr. Prebisch) was not that he recognised the need for change, but that he mismanaged or perverted the economic and social revolution, squandering the nation's resources in the process and neglecting to develop certain vital branches of the national economy. Unlike many critics of the deposed regime, Dr. Prebisch does not consider that Perón was mistaken in encouraging industrialisation: on the contrary, he states that 'industrialisation is an indispensable condition of Argentina's economic growth'. The mistake was in permitting industry to grow in a 'haphazard' fashion, and in not going ahead even more energetically with the expansion of capital industry, the production of steel, the manufacture of basic chemicals, and the exploitation of the country's oil-fields. To carry out the economic reconstruction which he judges necessary, Dr. Prebisch estimates that in the next three years Argentina will require foreign loans amounting to 1,200 million dollars, and substantial foreign private investment.

Dr. Prebisch's opinions on the social aspect of the economic scene are interesting. He says:

It is frequently maintained that the economic situation of the working class did not improve under the previous [Perón] regime, but such is not the case. During the past decade the real income of industrial workers increased by 37 per cent. Nor can it be denied that the masses have acquired considerable trade union and political power.

He adds that he trusts that the workers' newly won power will now be properly employed so as to enable the country 'progressively to remedy the defects of the capitalist system as regards the distribution of income—by the application both of an appropriate policy for wages, and taxation'. But he demands that the masses be 'aroused' and 'inspired' to work harder and increase their output.

### Restrictions on Imports

Meanwhile—as a result of various measures already introduced by Perón, and subsequent events—exports of meat have risen. But Dr. Prebisch warns that overseas demand for the produce of the land will not grow as rapidly as Argentina's need for manufactured goods. Therefore, he argues, domestic industry must be encouraged and enabled to expand. Consequently, the Government's import policy will be designed—as it was, under Perón—to provide Argentine industry with the necessary equipment and raw materials; and therefore imports of 'consumer' goods will be drastically restricted, as they have been in the past.

I have been quoting Dr. Prebisch's own words, from his lecture at Santiago. It is not surprising that pronouncements of that kind have proved something of a disappointment for people who thought that they were about to return to the 'good old days' of a pastoral and agriculture economy—which 'progressive' Argentines had long denounced as 'colonial'.

Argentina's adoption of a new attitude in international relations is one of the reasons why the world's bankers and industrialists now have more confidence in her economic prospects. And it is in international relations that the reversal of Perón's policies has been most immediately and obviously effective. In his drive for national independence, Perón aimed to create a bloc of Latin-American nations to withstand, in particular, United States pressure and influence. Following this course, he caused ill-feeling in Washington, anxiety in the other great South American country, Brazil, and stubborn opposition from the neighbouring democratic little republic of Uruguay. The new Government has changed all that. General Aramburu attended the conference of American presidents at Panama in July, although he knew that President Eisenhower would be the acknowledged senior head of state at the meeting. General Aramburu has visited Brazil and Uruguay, and has offered to increase economic collaboration with those two republics. He has applied for membership of the International Monetary Fund, and has negotiated a multilateral trade and payments agreement with a number of European countries, including Great Britain.

### A Young and Growing Country

Certain influential British business men believe that if the Argentine Government can preserve order at home; and if elections can be postponed indefinitely; and if, as is promised, 'orthodox' economic methods increase the country's prosperity, then the mass of the population will cease to bother about politics. Personally, I think that this is assuming too much, because—apart from anything else—I cannot conceive that the politicians will allow popular interest in politics to subside. What is the real political question? It is simply: 'Who will be able to secure the support—and, when there are elections, the votes—of the Peronistas?' And so one is often asked: 'Will Perón come back?' Argentina is a young and fast-developing country. She is apt to outgrow her leaders. When they have fulfilled their function, fallen out of favour, and gone into exile, they do not return. The hero of the war of liberation against Spain, General San Martín, did make one attempt to come back from Europe, but he was not allowed to disembark at Buenos Aires and had to content himself with the sight of the town from the deck of the ship that had brought him to the Río de la Plata. San Martín then sailed again for France, where he remained until he died. The tyrant Rosas, when he was overthrown in 1852, likewise crossed the Atlantic. Rosas settled in England, spending the rest of his life farming near Southampton.

So I believe that the question today rather is: 'What party or



personality will be able to fill the political vacuum created by the removal of Perón?' After all, Peronista voters numbered about half of the total electorate. Their party has been banned. As for the others, the small and rather old-fashioned Socialist Party were always bitterly opposed to Perón, who stole their thunder; the Radicals are still split by dissension in their own ranks; among the Conservatives, the land-owning oligarchy have no desire to appeal to the masses. But a definite attempt to woo the Peronistas is being made by the extreme Catholic nationalists—in the army, and outside it. For various reasons, the Catholic nationalists were in favour of Perón, until he quarrelled with the Church in 1954. Then they took part in the revolution against him a year ago. But after Perón's overthrow they recommended tolerance towards his followers. The more powerful Radicals, however, were determined to undertake a thorough purge, and so they deposed the

Catholics' temporary figurehead, President Lonardi. Whereupon Catholic nationalists became opponents of the present regime. Today, once again, they have something in common with the Peronists. It is difficult to believe that the left-wing workers could ever vote such an essentially reactionary group. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that there may arise from among the Catholic nationalists a force of personality possessing the traditional qualities for *caudillo* leaders whom the Argentine masses will therefore follow—irrespective of political and social *ambiente*. Several military officers have already tried to assume this role; but none of them has yet succeeded in carrying it off. But at least it can be said that, although Argentina will henceforth retain her national characteristics—which, now, are clearly defined—she will never again be a mere pastoral and agricultural dependency of the industrialised western world.—*Third Programme*

## Aspects of Africa

# The African Woman in Town and Tribe

The second of two talks by J. F. HOLLEMAN

IN the tribal areas of Southern Rhodesia the casual visitor is struck by the constant industry of women in their dusty kraals and often dilapidated thatched huts, their toiling in the fields, or fetching water in pots and gourds often from a considerable distance away. It seems a pretty hard life for the rural housewife, with little time for relaxation and recreation, especially as compared with the life of their menfolk. No wonder that those whose knowledge of tribal society is derived from casual acquaintance with it believe that women in traditional society are chattels and their existence a form of slavery. When one then observes in the new neatly laid-out urban settlements that all or most of the outward signs of domestic drudgery and hardship are absent, it is only natural that one expects that a greater freedom, happiness, and dignity has come in the life of the African women in the town.

## Urban Accommodation

Perhaps it is the bright appearance of the new African townships, the thousands of neatly spaced cottages, which gives rise to this expectation. It is true that we still have a few urban slums left, but both government and municipalities in Southern Rhodesia are making tremendous efforts to provide adequate and attractive accommodation for the steady stream of Africans to the urban areas. In a small city like Bulawayo, for instance, in the past eighteen months alone, a new township for nearly 3,000 tenant families has arisen; and the next year will see the completion of yet another township of about the same size under a government-sponsored scheme for married folk. In this scheme, next door to the town's industries, Africans will be the owners of the properties they occupy.

You have to be on the spot to realise what this means to a fledgling country in which, not so many years ago, the urban African was only a bird of passage, paying a short visit to town in order to earn some cash before he went back again to his rural home, where his real life and ambitions were. The new townships have changed that, and the home-ownership schemes make this change irrevocable because they give the urban African a sense of stability and security such as only ownership of a house and piece of ground can give to a person. In this new environment the women go about their household chores in a leisurely manner, cook the family meal over the little wood-stoves that are provided for them; they can tap water from standpipes, and tend their vegetables and flower beds in the little gardens while keeping an eye on their youngsters playing about in the sunshine.

The contrast with the rural domestic scene is there, for anyone to see. It is therefore often a shock to find that, in spite of the improved domestic facilities, the nicely furnished interiors and the opportunities for leisure and recreation, the urban housewife herself does not generally think that her position and status have much improved. Indeed, it is especially the better-educated, better-to-do minority, the wives of teachers, ministers of religion, and clerks, who voice the complaint that in general the position and status of the housewife in urban society is probably worse than it is in the tribal communities.

What, then, is their main difficulty? Surprisingly enough, they do not

immediately blame the shortage of money and high cost of living, or government or city council, or Europeans generally, which the African male has chosen as his favourite scapegoats. With quiet outspokenness they blame in the first place their menfolk and husbands for 'holding them down' and preventing them from playing their full and legitimate part in this new life. Here, perhaps in an over-simplified manner, they have indicated the crux of what may well be the toughest problem which urban African society has to solve. It also shows that a superficial comparison of the position of African women in urban and tribal communities suffers from a double fallacy.

To explain this I must first return to the traditional social pattern in which the life of an individual man, woman, or child is wrapped up in an intricately woven, carefully balanced and very widespread fabric of kinship relation. In this 'web of kinship', as Professor Fortes calls it, a person's social position is more or less nicely balanced between relatives (by blood or by marriage) who are superior, and those who are subordinate. This is not merely a matter of formality, of taking care to use the correct form of address. It involves a code of behaviour and a pattern of social order in which every person meeting another person within this web of kinship is either expected to extend service, obedience, or courtesy to the other, or is entitled to receive it. Depending on the particular type or nearness of the relationship, these social obligations are discharged with a varying degree of strictness or with a varying measure of familiarity. The point to remember is that these relationships are so widespread that they involve most of the people with whom a person regularly comes into contact in the neighbourhood.

When we think of the position of women in any society, we are inclined to see them mainly as wives of husbands or as mother children, thereby overlooking all the other relationships in which they may find themselves. Moreover, in the types of tribal society we have in Southern Rhodesia, the position of a woman as a wife and mother is weaker than in any other kind of relationship, although any anthropologist will probably tell you that in actual practice even this position is nearly as weak as a paper analysis would allow. But it is when we turn to the other relationships in a woman's life that we find her social status even legal status growing to a remarkable extent, more indeed than ever credited to our own womenfolk before they won the battle of emancipation.

## Bridewealth, an Age-old Institution

The age-old institution of marrying a wife upon the promise of delivery of a sizeable bridewealth to her family is, in spite of anthropological writing, still widely regarded by Europeans as a form of 'buying a wife'. Yet this institution gives her as effective a security against marital abuse as could be devised, for a cruel husband not only runs the risk of losing his wife but he also impairs his claim for return of the bridewealth he has given for her. Moreover, it places a woman in a strong position as regards her brother and brother's sons. In Mashonaland, for instance, a normal bridewealth is so high that few fathers could afford one for their sons were it not for the



that the daughters of the family, by marrying into other families, provide the necessary marriage cattle for their brothers' wives. The kinship system takes full account of this by making the woman *vam-wene* ('keeper') of her brother's wife. She is the obvious arbitrator in her brother's marital disputes; she is by law the executrix of his estate when he dies, and she is the respected confidante and *vatele* ('female father') of his children.

It is, however, as the mother of married daughters that a woman attains her strongest position, that is as a mother-in-law to her sons-in-law and their families. In this relationship her position does not rest only on considerations of a social and legal character. Among the Mashona and kindred tribes it receives powerful support from the deeply rooted mystical concepts of fertility and procreation. As the mother of a young wife she is seen as the immediate link with the matriline of ancestresses from which the power of procreation is derived. Her favour or disfavour towards her daughter's family-in-law may spell the difference between a fruitful and a childless marriage. It is obvious, then, that this family will treat her with the utmost respect and even servility.

Nor are these relationships expressed merely in the services and courtesies which are extended to her. Prescribed by law, and further enforced by the fear of mystical retribution, a number of material benefits are due to her. The most important of these is the 'motherhood beast', a cow or heifer payable by her son-in-law upon or after her daughter's marriage. The motherhood beast can be retained by the woman, whereas the actual bridewealth is a floating asset of the bride's paternal family and some other gifts of small livestock are earmarked for immediate ritual sacrifice. The motherhood beast then forms the beginning of a sometimes considerable maternal estate, which falls outside the control of the woman's husband or her paternal relatives.

These few examples illustrate that in tribal society there are relationships in a woman's life which, in a real sense, compensate the comparative weakness in which she finds herself as a wife and mother in the domestic environment of her husband's family. All this still applies



'The constant industry of women in their dusty kraals': African housewives cooking and pounding grain outside their huts

at the present day in most of the rural communities in Southern Rhodesia. For even school education and a spreading Christianity have made no serious inroads upon it. Wherever the traditional fabric of tribal society has remained more or less intact, a woman will find not only the children of her own brothers and the husbands of her own daughters who pay homage to her, but a multitude of others who, on the strength of this classificatory kinship system, are placed in similar relations to her and therefore obliged to treat her in a similar respectful manner.

As long as the web of kinship is intact: here lies the great and inevitable difficulty of the women in the new urban communities. For in this heterogeneous town population, flocked together from half a dozen different countries and scores

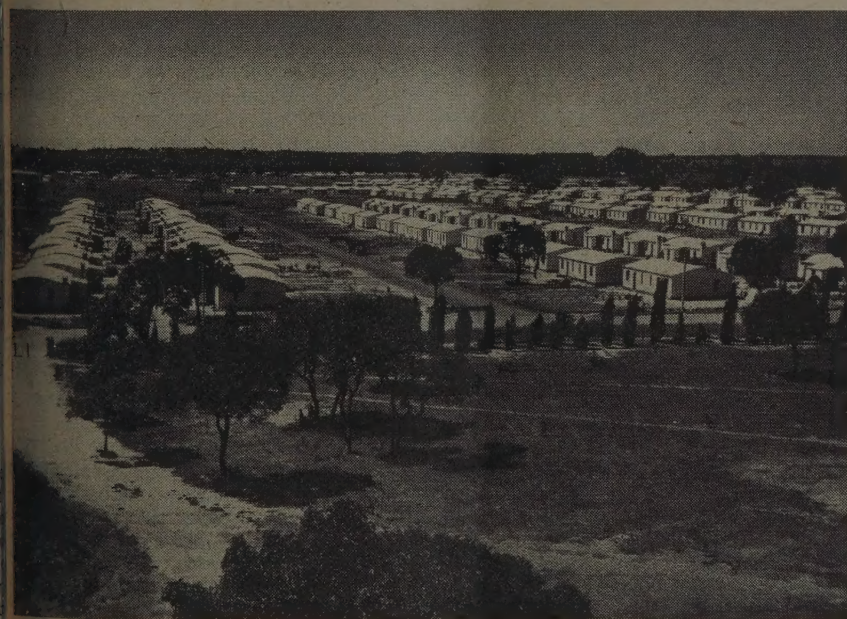
of different tribal backgrounds, a woman may find a few scattered relatives but no kinship system. There are the loose and often frayed bits of tribal culture from many origins, a few traditional concepts commonly shared. But these do not nearly add up to a recognised code of behaviour or etiquette, let alone a cohesive pattern of social order.

A large proportion of the urban population consists of single men, who are still birds of passage and no respecters of respectable women. The rest is made up of a multiplicity of small family units, and in these family units a woman is first and last the wife of a husband and the mother of his children. In other words, in this as yet unformed urban society the otherwise balanced pattern of a woman's social relationships is virtually monopolised by the one kinship relationship in which she is traditionally weakest. Moreover, on this husband-and-wife relationship the hand of tradition weighs perhaps even more heavily in town than in tribal society: first, because most townspeople still maintain individual contact with their rural background, and this impedes the acceptance and growth of a new social concept in which man and wife are equal partners; secondly, because the short history of African town life has also seen the emergence of a new and daring class of easy-going women who take advantage of the ill-balance between the sexes by leading a relatively comfortable life as prostitutes; or, slightly more honourably, as short-term companions of men whose wives are at their rural homes. With masculine inconsistency many men secretly admire these glamour girls (the so-called 'spares'—delightful term!), but they dislike even taking their own wives and daughters out in public to dances or cinemas. For there is the fear that their reputation might be associated with that of the light-hearted creatures who habitually frequent these places.

So, in spite of more time for leisure and the cultural and recreational facilities around her, the faithful wife of a self-respecting husband is even more strictly tied to her neat cottage in the township than she ever was to her rural homestead. This makes it difficult for her to widen the circle of friends which she might make among the strangers in her neighbourhood. In fact, what the student of rural African society regretfully misses in the townships is the congenial aspect of fairly large and happy parties of neighbouring housewives gathered for a common social or economic pursuit. There is no denying the loneliness, confused disillusion, and sometimes bitterness of hundreds of women who are aware of the possibilities of a full and rich urban community life.

This, then, appears on the reverse side of the promising picture presented by the neatly planned townships spread out under the bright African sky. It is an inevitable part of the labour pains which

(continued on page 509)



Where 'the women go about their household chores in a leisurely manner': semi-detached, neatly spaced cottages in Harari township, near Salisbury

By courtesy of the 'Rhodesia Herald'



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast-talks. Original contributions are not invited with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## After the Holidays

THE holiday season is now over, except perhaps for those who indulge in winter sports and assign the time-off retrospectively to the current year. Although the statistics are not yet available, not even the most cheerful would describe it as having been a top-class season for holiday-makers. About the weather the best that can be said is that the goddess Nemesis naturally appeared to exact tribute for the hubris we felt in the glorious summer of 1955. And no doubt somebody obtained compensation somewhere. The owner of one seaside hotel was heard to complain that in 1955 nobody came in to buy drinks because the weather was too fine; in 1956, when congratulated on the wetness of the weather, he was heard to say that many of his rooms were cancelled and people only occupied his verandah to shelter from the rain. At any rate the picture palaces did a roaring trade. Or did they? For many hotel sitting-rooms had blossomed with television sets. It is a hard life. But fortunately we British are hardened to it. The weather is at least a stock subject for conversation and for humour. Family men who have spent a tenth of their annual income on providing a holiday only to gaze at the rain drenching the promenade or bogging up the footpaths across the meadow may murmur 'never again': but next year? Next year the sun will surely shine.

Apart from the vagaries of the British climate, there are always dangers and difficulties attaching to holidaying. Ever since the time when Stephen Leacock wrote his famous essay on 'Boarding House Geometry' we have been highly conscious of them. It is therefore gratifying to know that they are not confined to this country. We give on the page opposite some extracts from an article in the Soviet satirical magazine *Krokodil* (broadcast in 'The Soviet View') entitled 'advice to those about to go to a health resort'. Visitors are advised to take 'several baskets of vegetables' with them, and while they are warned not to take 'a large heavy bed' they are told 'to travel light and make do with a camp bed or a hammock'. No doubt in Russia the summer weather is more reliable than here and the hosts of holiday-makers in the workers' paradise put great strain upon the available accommodation. Over here we at least have our holidays with pay, and the improvident may equally be caught out if they do not bring their camp beds. The admirable German system of local information bureaux never quite catches on with us—perhaps we are too independent. Often the best bureau is the police station; which reminds us that our police are wonderful.

Yet we should not be ungrateful to the confraternity of hotel keepers who toil throughout often depressing seasons. Many of them rise at the crack of dawn and labour until the last guest comes in at night; they keep a good-humoured mien, listen to the bores, deal tactfully with the complainants, and collapse exhausted at the end of September. If their guests really believed themselves to be the victims of 'boarding house geometry', they know that they will not come again—and it is, after all, a competitive trade. As for the holiday-makers themselves, they at least have the consolation, when things go wrong, of being able to reread the sage counsel offered them by the tribe of 'family doctors' who write anonymously for the popular press. It is not the weather that matters, they tell us, but the change of occupation (but take things easily at first); it is not the sunshine you want but the fresh air (but wrap up warmly); and so on. Of course next year one might put on shorts and take the children to the Zoo. Shall we do that? Probably not.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on events behind the Iron Curtain

ON SEPTEMBER 27, the Yugoslav radio announced that President Tito in company with Mr. Khrushchev, had flown to the Soviet Union, to spend several days at a Black Sea resort. Originally, the purpose of the visit was described as a 'rest'—just as Mr. Khrushchev's visit to Britain had been so described; but at a press conference in Belgrade two days later, a government official spoke about the discussion of 'differences of view', in regard to inter-state and inter-party relations. The discussions, started in Yugoslavia between President Tito and Mr. Khrushchev, would be continued in the Soviet Union. At the same time said the Yugoslav press officer (according to the Yugoslav transmission) the visit was 'a friendly return visit'. Western commentators showed great interest in the unexpected visit, and speculated at length on the nature and purpose of the extended conversations first between President Tito and Mr. Khrushchev, and now with other Soviet leaders on the Black Sea. Among the suggested bones of contention were differences within the Soviet leadership in regard to relations with Yugoslavia and to 'de-Stalinisation', Soviet distrust of President Tito's aims in eastern Europe, and Yugoslav displeasure at continued Soviet predominance over the satellite states.

Western commentators also devoted considerable attention to the main current feature of interest in the satellite countries: the Poznan trials. From the U.S.A. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that the background to the trials made them a political event of the first magnitude. The Polish Communist leaders were obviously nervous about the trials; and on the opening days efforts were made to present the accused as the dregs of society rather than as 'brave fighters for freedom'. *The New York Herald Tribune* commented that in the course of world opinion it was the Polish Government which was in the dock. Before the trials began Warsaw radio broadcast an interview with the Polish Prosecutor-General, who said that 154 persons in all were in custody, and indictments had so far been preferred in fifty-eight cases. The accused were said to include 'notorious rowdies and hooligans with court and police records'. On the eve of the trials, Warsaw radio reported that the Soviet Government would give Poland credits to the value of 100,000,000 roubles. This 'fraternal help', said Warsaw radio, had 'made it possible to allocate larger resources under the Five-Year Plan to raising the people's living standards', which had given rise to 'considerable difficulties'.

There were a number of broadcasts about the general elections to be held in Poland on December 16. One commentator stated:

The very word election implies electing one person rather than another. . . . A choice will only be possible when the number of candidates on the list is larger than—in my view at least double—the number of Deputies to be elected for a given constituency.

Another innovation to be heard over Warsaw radio occurred when a home service commentator criticised the Polish Communist Minister, Mr. Cyrankiewicz, for issuing a 'rigid directive' to chairmen of Provincial National Councils at a time when the Government was said to be proposing that these councils should have wider powers. Another innovation was in the field of Polish literary criticism. On September 25, Moscow radio broadcast a review of an article by Soviet critic, which stated:

The author of the article puts forward a number of serious objections to attempts by two Polish literary critics unjustly to criticise the Soviet literature of the last twenty years. These Polish critics only recognise the literature of the first ten to fifteen years of the Soviet regime, at which, in their view, stagnation set in. The [Soviet] author of the article convincingly proves the incorrectness of these views. . . . The author refutes the allegation that socialist realism deprives the author freedom of creation . . . and also denounces the perniciousness of attempts to separate literature and art from the Communist Party.

In Hungary, the future prospects of Mr. Imre Nagy—who eight months ago was dismissed from the premiership and from the Communist Party—were discussed by a Budapest commentator who said:

Communists have already been officially informed that the party will settle the question of Imre Nagy's membership. For this it will be essential that he should fulfil his communist duty, namely, to criticise his own political faults. This he has so far failed to do. . . . All Nagy has to do is to admit his mistakes and to say that he is ready to work for the consolidation of the party's unity. . . . If he did this, we believe that nothing would any longer delay his readmission to the party.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE LEEK AND THE SHAMROCK

THE EMPEROR NERO is said to have liked leeks', said ERIC DOVASTON in a talk in the Scottish Home Service, 'but in Britain this plant, like kale, has been especially favoured by the Celtic peoples. It was said of St. Ninian who lived in the fourth century A.D. that: "In ye garde some has seme caile and leikis faire and greene", and yet in England at the end of the sixteenth century the leek was used only as medicine. Writing in 1642 John Parkinson tells us that: "It requireth a mean earth, fat well dunged and digged. It may be sown in March or April, and is to be remooued in September or October". The virtues he mentions are solely medicinal, but when he comes to "hurts" he makes it clear that leeks were not eaten as vegetables in southern England in his day: "It hurteth the body, ingendreth naughtie blood, causeth troublesome and terrible dreams, offendeth the eies, dulleth the sight, hurteth those that are by nature hot and cholericke, and is noisome to the stomacke and breedeth windiness". A harsher indictment could scarcely be devised for a pleasant and nutritious vegetable, and Parkinson might have cured scurvy if he had eaten more leeks.

'Leek pottage has been known for centuries in Wales and Scotland, but the word itself is Old English, with equivalents in Old High German, Middle Dutch, and other Teutonic languages, but there are no affinities outside that group. Have the Celtic peoples borrowed from their Teutonic neighbours a vegetable particularly suited to a cool, moist climate, or did the leek come here with pre-Roman invaders who spoke a Teutonic language and left their mark

the name of this plant? That is just speculation, but it is an interesting problem for someone interested in plants, the unwritten history of Britain, and the meaning of words.

The first reference to the leek as the badge plant of Wales is in an issue of the *London Gazette* of 1722, hardly more than 200 years ago: "All the company wore leeks in honour to the Princess of Wales". Why was the leek chosen? It was a popular and familiar food plant but in addition another writer of that period wrote: "Tho my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade greene?" This is an example of the ancient Doctrine of Signatures whereby the merits of a plant are judged by fancied resemblance to matters of human interest. To the Welsh the leek signifies a noble mind and a kindly heart. Shamrock is a mysterious plant with the elusive qualities of a prechaun: but paradox is proper for Ireland. The word is from the Irish Gaelic "seamrog" and means clover in English, but the solution is not as simple as that, even though the famous Welsh botanist and traveller Edward Lhwyd said quite briefly: "Their Shamrag is the common clover". The significance of the shamrock, like that of the leek, comes from the Doctrine of Signatures and was explained by a writer of the early eighteenth century: "This plant is worn by the people upon St. Patrick's Day. It being a current tradition that by this three Leaved Grass he emblematically set forth to them the Mystery of the Holy Trinity". But he follows with a reproachful dig at his fellow countrymen: "However that may be, when they wet their

Seamar-ogre they often commit excesses in Liquor, which is not a right keeping of a Day to the Lord". But then a Saint's Day may also be a Feast Day.

The identification of shamrock with clover is by no means certain, and even if it were there are many contenders for the title. The first reference to the name, in 1571, speaks of: "Water cresses which they term shamrockes", and a few years later an observer saw that: "The Hibernian Kernes in multitudes Did feast with Shamerags stew'd in Vsquebagh". Watercress boiled in whisky would be disgusting enough, but clover would be impossible. Sheridan, in "St. Patrick's Day", says: "I put a great shamrock in his hat this morning", and that seems to fit a watercress leaf trimmed to trifoliate proportions better than the slender leaves of any clover.

## VISITING A SOVIET HEALTH RESORT

'The bad service in Russian hotels and restaurants has long been the subject of criticism in the Soviet press', it was stated in 'Soviet View'.

In the health resorts conditions appear to be even worse than in the capital. A month or two ago the satirical magazine *Krokodil* dealt with the question in a long feature article under the heading: "Advice to those about to go to a health resort". It said:

"The author of these lines considers it his duty to share his experience with others. In everything that concerns rest cures and health resorts there is precious little that I do not know. In my humble submission, therefore, any advice I can give in this respect will be in-

valuable to anyone proposing to spend his leave in one of our so-called forges of health.

"For a start I propose to devote my attention to that forge which bears the flame of Kislovodsk. But I warn you that much of the valuable information which the reader will find in these notes will also, beyond doubt, prove useful in other forges and health resorts.

"What you should take with you: The first thing you should take with you to a health resort is plenty of patience. This, as we all know, is the quality which distinguishes a Cossack who aspires to be a general. A visitor to a health resort aspiring to rest and cure should emulate the example of this Cossack. Remember this: all the vicissitudes of life in a sanatorium—if such vicissitudes come your way—are of a fleeting nature. In time they will disappear, everything will pass, everything will be fine and dandy. When the day of your departure comes—departure from the health resort, that is—everything will be put right: And you will go away satisfied with the thought of the bliss that the new arrivals will be tasting.

"Second: take a smoke-trap with you. As soon as you arrive at Kislovodsk you must pay a call on the Town Council and give a demonstration of this useful invention. Give my kind regards to the chairman, and, while you are about it, ask him when the Kislovodsk Town Council proposes at long last to put into effect the decision it took several years ago about smoke-traps. Judging by past seasons the entire Narzan mineral water industry of Kislovodsk, thrusting its dark cigar-



Badge of the Welsh Guards: the leek

From 'Badges of H.M. Services' (W. Briggs and Co.)



Badge of the Irish Guards, with the shamrock in the centre of the Order of St. Patrick



chimneys into the sky, puts up a stench of smoke from early morning, spoiling the wonderful air of Kislovodsk and blotting out the magnificent Kislovodsk sky. By contrast with the smoke of my native land, this smoke is neither sweet nor pleasant. After receiving the customary assurance at the Town Council that 'measures will be undertaken' in the nearest future, go back to your sanatorium with a light heart.

"My third point: be sure to take an old working suit or an overall with you. This is absolutely essential if you want to keep your clothes clean, as the redecoration, whitewashing, and painting of the sanatorium is invariably timed to coincide with your arrival. It would be wise, too, to take a couple of bottles of something that will remove stains. And remember that at many health resorts vegetables have strange names, all beginning with the syllable 'no-' such as 'no-cucumbers', 'no-radishes', 'no-tomatoes', 'no-lettuce'. For this reason you should take several baskets of vegetables with you before leaving home. Better still, try to buy everything you need while you are travelling south. At all the stations along the line you will find plenty of melons, tomatoes, radishes and . . . oh, yes, and plenty of militiamen who for some reason find it necessary to drive the collective farm women who sell vegetables away from the railway carriages.

"Now some advice on what not to take: If you have recently been reprimanded at work, leave the reprimand at home. Make sure that nobody can tell by your appearance that you have been ticked off. Put on the most blissful expression, and with this expression on your face have your photograph taken as soon as you arrive at the health resort. Try to be photographed as much as possible, remembering that all things pass, but photographs remain.

"Do not take a large, heavy bed with you. Travel light and make do with a camp bed or a hammock. You will find this type of bedding useful. I hope you are not so simple and naive as to imagine that you will get a bed in the dormitory in the course of the first ten days. If fortune, in co-operation with the director smiles upon you, you will not have to spend the night on the staircase or in the corridor, but in a luxurious hall.

"You should not take a case of Narzan mineral water with you to Kislovodsk. You should take three cases of Narzan with you. The reason is that you will find every kind of bottled drink here except the drink which has made the springs of Kislovodsk renowned.

"On the other hand you should take your health treatment chart with you. Do not worry: no one is going to read it. But you must hand it to your doctor. If you are fat, he will recommend you to slim. If you are slim he will advise you to undergo treatment. The main treatment—both for reducing weight and for putting it on—is walking. In addition to walking and Narzan baths, your daily activities will be the cinema, panel games, and having your photograph taken.

"As to the cinema: in most cases the sanatorium cinema is in the nature of offering the latest form of sleep therapy. The films which are shown have one important redeeming quality. They will remind you of the days of your far-distant youth.

"Then, panel games: this is a peculiar type of psycho-therapy: treatment by boredom. If you do not want to be labelled as belonging to the backward elements you must carefully prepare yourself for this form of activity and store up some useful knowledge, such as: the stones in Lake Baikal are wet; the main similarity between a cat and a camel is that both have tails behind them; A. Zharov is a poet and M. Zharov is an actor. You must have your photograph taken every day. The management of the sanatorium regards this as an essential occupation and a substitute for cultural work among the inmates.

"And now for the most valuable piece of advice: Do not listen to any advice, not even mine. Have a rest, restore your health, be cheerful and enjoy nature, your friends, the sun, Mount Elbruz, the moon, and the excellent sanatorium, for all its isolated defects. Take full breath of fresh air. And while you are about it, do not forget to be photographed once more."

## A NEW BRITISH SPORT

'One of Britain's newest and most exhilarating sports is deep-sea shark fishing', said FRANCIS JAMES in a talk in 'The Eye-witness'. Hunting the shark from pilchard boats rigged up with special equipment has been going on off the south-east coast of Cornwall for three seasons now; and the fishermen at Looe have attracted many novices since they formed their own shark-fishing club of Great Britain in 1953. In that opening year between the months of June and September, the forty-seven founding members had a catch of 450 sharks. The 1956 season, which is drawing to its close, has been the most successful yet. Membership of the club has risen to more than 200, and well over 1,000 sharks have been caught at sea. On a rather rough day in the Channel by landlubbers' standards, I went out to pick up a few first-hand impressions of the shark-fishing game.

'We went out, three of us and a boatman, at a steady eight knots straight into a fresh south-westerly wind that sent white horses leaping over the little wheelhouse. Fifteen miles out, the engines were stopped, and with the mizzen set we drifted square with the wind. For five hours we drifted pitching, tossing, and rolling under grey skies. But it turned out to be a good day for sharking. We caught six. All were blue sharks, by the way. There are porbeagles and marcos in Cornish waters, but the blues are far more numerous. We used what has become after a good deal of experiment, the standard method of catching them. You bait your hook with a pilchard and heave it overboard with a good length of line; then you suspend over the side a couple of small, mesh-net bags, full of mashed pilchard—"rubby-dubby" it is called. It smells horrible but the sharks love it. The bits of this stuff gradually escape, laying a lane of attraction that leads the shark in the general direction of the bait, and your reel gives a warning scream.

'You seat yourself in a swivel chair, plant the rod in a socket between your knees, and also hook it to your harness, a webbing contraption rather like the safety belt an aircraft pilot wears. Then you gradually, very gradually, reel it in. It can be fairly easy, but one of our sharks, the biggest, dived underneath the boat twice before it could be manoeuvred to the side, gaffed, and hoisted, thrashing, on to the deck.

'Altogether, we caught six sharks in four hours. Pretty fish they were apart from their mouths, with blue-black backs and pinkish bellies. We called it a day, hoisted six yellow pennants, and headed for home. Some of the fourteen shark boats were in already, and I noticed that one was flying twelve pennants, but our biggest shark was the best so far. A fine eighty-pounder—and that entitles the man who caught it membership of the Shark Fishing Club of Great Britain with a margin of five pounds to spare. If he does join he will have the right to fly the club's burgee, the SFGB in black, over a white shark on a scarlet background, and the right to wear a little gold shark in his tie. As knowing that the biggest blue shark hooked at Looe weighed 110 pounds, he will be able to spend exciting days hoping that something even bigger comes his way'.



A big shark caught by Mr. John Eathorne at Looe, Cornwall, in 1951



# The Intellectual in the English World

By HAROLD NICOLSON

THE English, having been taught from their schooldays that character is more important than intelligence, and that compulsory games are of character-building value, are inclined to restrict their reflection to themes that entail little effort in the mind and to escape from all disquieting thought. We are assured when we are young that the British Empire was created by absence, and not by presence, of mind, and many of our favourite stories, such as King Alfred and the cakes, or Drake playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe, are examples of inattention and easy optimism rather than examples of the planning of policy or the concentration of resolve. The interest that we take, even when we have passed the age of athletic prowess, in games and sport is deeper and wider than that devoted in other countries to learning, or love, or business. Even after the experience of two most exhausting wars there are still some people who defend the principle of 'muddling through', who deride prescience as 'fuss', and who will reject any enquiry as to where a given policy is likely to lead as 'an undue preoccupation with hypothetical considerations'. Thus the term 'intellectual', in most of the English-speaking world, has almost ceased to be a term of praise and has almost become a term of denigration or abuse.

## Passionate Interest in the Unimportant

There are many historians, sociologists, and students of politics, who will assert that the disinclination of the English public to take their bridges before they come to them is in fact an admirable quality. It produces placidity, good-humour, tolerance, optimism, calm. It persuades the mass of the population to transfer responsibility to the government and to accept their decisions, unless and until they have been shown by a succession of disasters to be exceptionally inept. It is this gift of inattention, some observers contend, which has rendered the English easy to govern. Were we in fact more intellectually alert we might develop inconvenient symptoms such as individualism, sectionalism, or a critical imagination. It was such centrifugal tendencies which led, in Germany and France, to the formation of too many splinter parties, and thereby played havoc with the governance of the Weimar Republic and the Third Republic in France. It is right, it is commendable, such experts assert, that the English public should be less interested in the important than they are in the unimportant; that they should feel more passionately about what happens on Lord's Cricket Ground or at Old Trafford than they do about what happens at Port Said or Singapore.

The argument (and it is not either an ignorant or a foolish argument) that the strains and stresses of history can better be endured and surmounted by a community possessing a solid national character than by one which is affected by intellectual ideas and impulses. It is evident that a community composed wholly of alert intellectuals would become the victim of continuous internal dissension and might become as liable as were the Greek City States to the sudden loss of its own identity and independence. Government clearly becomes difficult if not impossible unless the great majority of the citizens remain for most of the time unaware that they are being governed: a certain degree of public lethargy, even of public lethargy, is essential to an ordered state. Moreover, if the national character contains, as the English character contains, a large component of what is called 'ordinary common sense', a reasonable foundation of stability becomes available. Therefore I agree that, in so far as administration and politics are concerned, it is preferable that the general public should be unintellectual rather than intellectual; and that they should spend much of their time, and relieve any internal tensions, by worrying about cricket matches rather than by worrying about what is happening in Cairo or Tel-Aviv.

It is when it comes to art, music, architecture, letters that I ask myself whether it is good that only a small minority of a community should be able to see, or hear, or read. It seems sad to me that so many men and women, who are obliged day by day to travel by train to London, should not take a book with them, and should spend two hours each day engaged in profitless conversation, scribbling vaguely at

crossword puzzles, or just staring in front of them with vacant eyes. It is a distress for me to calculate how much interest and pleasure are denied to them by these indolent and unattentive habits. I deplore, moreover, that so many of my countrymen should not only be indifferent to the things of the mind, but that they should take a sort of suet pride in their indifference.

It was a great moment for the flannelled fool and the muddled oaf when the word 'highbrow' achieved general currency. Until that moment he might have felt some hesitation, perhaps even some shame, in confessing that he was not clever or educated enough to enjoy aesthetic experiences or to understand matters that required some energy of thought. The invention of the word highbrow has enabled him to discharge himself of humiliation and even responsibility without loss of face. He can now dismiss as highbrow such matters as he is too stupid or too lazy to comprehend, and he can dismiss those who enjoy things of the mind or study such matters as an eccentric, un-English, and unadmired minority, who are certainly affected, superior in their manners, and probably grossly immoral as well.

It may be that the intellectual living in the English world should be indifferent to this disregard. You will observe that I have said 'English' and not 'Scottish', since the Scots have a far longer and more abiding reverence for learning than we have ourselves. But in the English world the intellectual is not accorded the respect that he enjoys, let us say, in France or Germany. Ought he to accept his position with placid acquiescence? After all, he has his own talent and calling and, if he be of any value at all, he knows that his work will survive the quick prowess of those who run fast races or strike, catch, or propel leather balls. With luck, he will still be pursuing his tastes at an age when the athlete can do no more than watch others performing their masterpieces.

It may be true, also, that a general flat level of surrounding intelligence may stimulate a genius to great activity, even as dull scenery is more stimulating to the imagination than romantic scenery. The Alps and the Andes have produced fewer artists and poets than the sluggish Avon, the brown hills of Tuscany and Umbria, the gentleness of Anjou, the bare plains and peaks of Attica, or the low wide clouds that hang over the Low Countries. If the general public become too interested in the creative arts the artist may find himself paying some attention to their tastes and opinions. He may even, as may happen in the United States, play down to their level. Whereas in England the artist has the satisfaction of creating for fellow artists only, conscious that by the mass of his fellow citizens his creations will be ignored.

## The Unnoticing Londoner

There are moments, it is true, when I regret that my fellow countrymen should not be more aware of aesthetic and literary values. It is sad to observe how many people will be amused by things that are not amusing, interested in things that are not interesting, and utterly indifferent to the atrocities that are, if only they took any notice of such matters, destroying the beauty of their surroundings. I do not believe that a better educated public would tolerate Piccadilly Circus as the centre of their metropolis, would accept without protest the destruction of Berkeley and St. James's Squares, or would regard as 'highbrow' those who resent the progressive mechanisation of the countryside and the abominable approaches to our provincial towns. The Parisians would not allow industry to ruin the Place Vendôme or the Place des Vosges: the Londoners actually do not notice what is happening to such sites of architectural eminence as we possess.

Yet, on the whole, I have small patience with the intellectual who complains that the grey climate of England is ill-attuned to his genius. After all, he possesses his own solaces and supports. He is intent on his own art; it proves for him, even when he reaches the late autumn of his life, an inseparable companion; he has the companionship of his fellow intellectuals and that solidarity which the sense of being a discarded, disregarded minority imparts. His activity is private, personal, unabating, and essentially unaffected by either the fall of Empires



or the fall of the pound. If he be any good at all, he should acquire the respect of those whom he most respects; and what greater reward could be accorded to men and women in this transitory life?

When I find myself becoming irritated by the indolent English habit of ignoring things that require mental effort for their appreciation or understanding, I comfort myself with two reflections. In the first place, we are above everything a practical race, and in practical matters, such as science and technology, it seems that we still out-distance the world. And, in the second place, we are spared the horror of the sham intellectual. In France and Germany, where the intellectual is much adulated, he is apt to become conceited. I have known French academicians or

German professors who have been rendered so self-important by the flattery they receive that they have lost their sense of proportion and no longer realise how ridiculous it is to admire oneself. Moreover, where intellectual or aesthetic matters are regarded as the centre of interest, one is apt to be plagued by the sham intellectual, than whom no more insufferable being walks this earth.

Thus I conclude that, on the whole, the intellectual in the English world should be content with his lot. So that in future, if a man on the train is so kind as to communicate to me the latest score in a Test match, I shall not say 'What?' crossly to him. I shall expand my beam.—*Third Programme*

## A Look at Teheran and Isfahan

By SACHEVERELL SITWELL

THE other day, driving down the Mile End Road, I found my thoughts wandering back to Teheran: because of the wideness of the streets, so unlike the rest of London, and because of the shops and the low-built houses. Aldgate or Whitechapel are not really like Teheran, but they do somehow remind one of the capital of Persia. But here are no Persian ladies crossing the road in their spotted blue and white *chadors*, which envelop their heads and come right down to their feet. They hold a corner of the *chador* in their mouths to hide their faces. That is certainly a difference. And there should be snow mountains, always at one end of the street, towering above the buildings, which are in nearly every instance of a dull, pale-yellow brick. And now I feel I am back there, starting for a walk in Teheran.

We pass a stall where *kebabs* are sold, little bits of meat rolled up and cooked on a skewer. There is a stall just outside the gate of our Embassy compound, where I stayed in a yellow brick house, one of the five or six behind a high wall, built about a hundred years ago by Indian Army engineers. It has been said, unkindly, that from the outside they are a little like the detached houses in a mid-Victorian lunatic asylum, but I daresay you can imagine how delightful and comfortable they are inside: they are English homes, more English than ever because they are so far away.

What are strangely and perfectly beautiful in the compound are the trees: immensely tall, I would say seventy or eighty feet high, and as old as the houses. They are a kind of tree one has not known before; Persian plane trees with silver stems, now leafless because it is the beginning of April, and making a wonderful silvery pallor of tracery in the cold, cloudless sky. A month later there were the flowering judas trees, more beautiful in colour than any I have ever seen. But I will never forget the silver plane trees which will remind me, always, of Teheran.

What are not so pleasant to foreigners are the open gutters of running water down the streets. In Teheran you must be careful, very careful, of the drinking water, and not touch it unless it is boiled. If one had money one could spend days in the antique shops, but

what I liked most was the National Museum. Here is the gold foundation stone of Persepolis, inscribed by order of Darius, King of Kings, and found under the ruins only a few years after it had been scientifically calculated where it was likely to be buried. I was allowed to hold this much venerated national relic in my hand. A little further down the town the shops merge into the bazaars or *souks*, after passing a strange cut-glass balcony like one of the attractions of a fun-fair looking over the street. It is a balcony of the Gulistan Palace. I was in Teheran at the time of the Baghdad Conference, and one night was lucky enough to be invited to a party given by the Prime Minister in that very palace, in a huge room at one end of which there is the Peacock Throne, really a bed, more than a throne, of rubies and diamonds and gold and enamel glittering like a fire, that night, under all the electric lights. How we I remember coming away through the palace garden, all lit by lamp standards which were as magnificent as chandeliers, while a military band was playing! On the way home, passing carts drawn by horses that had their manes and tails dyed with henna, and a string of camels, one had not to remind oneself one was in the Orient, and in a part of it not far from Central Asia. I think that is the great difference of Persia. It is not an Arab country. The worse the roads—and they can be bad!—they all lead, in imagination, to Bokhara and Samarkand.

However, the grand object in coming all this way was in order to go to Isfahan. One can fly there in about an hour and a half; but as we had to see something of the country I thought it more interesting to go by road. And so it was, but nearly fatally so, because we started at six in the morning after only a cup of black coffee and could buy nothing whatever to eat upon the way. At Kum, a hot city which has a mosque with a golden dome and cut-glass porches in the same taste as that balcony, we were taken charge for having a camera and escorted to the police station where much time was wasted. Cups of Turkish coffee were brought. Later, I felt sorry that I had refused the cakes and biscuits, for continuing on our journey above sunset the car broke down: first a broken spring, and then something more serious; and there we were, luckily a little village, but right



A corner of the Maidan, or Great Square of Isfahan, with (right) the Royal Mosque



in the desert, and about a hundred miles from Isfahan. Buses came, but every seat was taken; and I thought we would be that night next day, or several days and nights in the desert. But, eventually, Point Four lorry stopped to offer help; and so, on the roof of the lorry, sitting on tyres, I arrived at midnight, after an all-day fast. But I am sure that this is not the best method of all by which to reach one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Because Isfahan was most certainly intended to be seen by people coming to it out of the desert, and not after a journey of a few hours in a car, but after riding or walking for—shall we say?—ten days or a fortnight. And because we arrived there tired and hungry after a little adventure, I think that I reached it in the right state of mind. I wish I could communicate to you the marvel of waking in Isfahan. I do not know whether to hurry over breakfast, or to enjoy every moment of it, it is so good to be alive under a blue sky which threatened rain at one moment but, suddenly, kept fine.

The first and incredible revelation of the Persians as great architects and a race of artists comes in the wide tree-lined avenue, only round the corner from the hotel. But how can I describe it? For it does, really and truly, take one's breath away. One can scarcely believe or take what one sees. It is a blue dome, blue upon the blue. A few days before this, at the holy city of Meshed, I had seen a blue and a golden dome—a dome plated with gold, an astonishing sight as it flashed in the sun—but the dome of the mosque at Meshed is blue like the sea,

while this is sky blue, or—could one say?—turquoise, with arabesques of yellow, aubergine, and lapis blue upon the turquoise. That is how I remember it, and I have looked long and carefully at a superb blue slide, and this is the nearest I can get to it in description. It is the Madrasah Chaharbagh, or College of the Mother of the Shah, built after 1700, but I can only say that it is scarcely credible that a mosque should be so 'Persian'. It is in the perfection of what one could imagine the Persian style to be. And what that means, I hope we shall discover as this talk goes on.

But this is only a beginning. A few moments later we are in the crowded Maidan or Great Square, which is about twice the area of the square of St. Mark's at Venice, only it is longer than it is broad, with the Royal Pavilion or Ali Kapu to one side of it, and the Masjid Shah or Royal Mosque at the far end. The Ali Kapu is a many-pillared porch for coolness, and a grand-stand from which to watch tournaments or games of polo in the square below. It has little frescoed rooms of most beauty.

But it is the Masjid Shah, the blue mosque, that holds our eyes. In respect, in music, in poetry, in detail, being all covered, every inch of it, inside and out, with blue tiles. The mosque itself stands at an angle to its own portal in order to face towards Mecca, which gives an angled and oblique mystery to it for, in fact, it has more than a few of the elements of a stage-set. That is to say, the technique of the tiled walls at the Masjid Shah is in two manners, a leisurely and a hurried. There are panels of pure mosaic, a most lengthy process; and there is the 'type, the *heft rengi*, or seven colours, which is the quicker method, as it were, compared to tile-mosaic. All the interior of the Masjid Shah is done in tiles of the fresco kind, but the entrance archway is pure mosaic. The reason for the more rapid work is that the great ruler Shah Abbas wanted quick and dramatic effects which he could not finish in his lifetime. That is why some of the results are like stage-set scenery. The prevailing colour is a pure cobalt blue, but the great dome of the prayer chamber is a paler blue. Even now I am not sure I am

right about the colour, for Arthur Upham Pope, the American authority on the art of Persia, tells us of Professor Herzfeld actually comparing a turquoise with the spandrel over the entrance to the Masjid Shah and finding that the china tile had the decidedly clearer and more saturated colour. But the dome, certainly, is paler, and early in the morning it is a pale cornflower blue. But the colour varies with every hour of the day.

In another moment or two we are under its blue vaults, bluer than anything imaginable, more blue than the Blue Grotto. Overhead are beautiful arabesque panels in tilework, the patterns resembling those on the finest and most precious Persian carpets. Coming out from this cloister of sapphire and turquoise we are in the great court of the

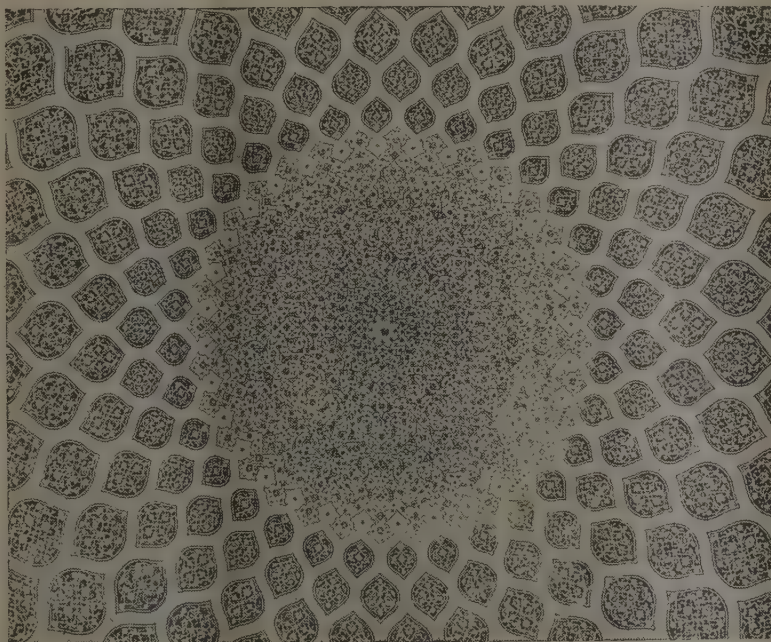
mosque, in dazzling heat, with the blue sets or drops all round us, for this is how the flat sides of the court appear, with a blue mist or sheen upon them from their china surface. Now we come into the prayer-chamber of the mosque itself, where the magnificence of the tile panels of lapis lazuli blue is almost overwhelming, but the lower aisles, or chambers to each side of it are more restful and we can look out through their columns upon this prodigy of formal pattern and invention. All round us are blue meadows in blossom, or blue skies seen through a network of flowering branches, all in china tiles. The rigid geometrical patterns, so dear to the Moslems, are in flower.

What are lacking from this blue set-scene are figures dressed as in the reign of Shah Abbas. But what a city it still is! One of the first towns since classical times, laid out on formal lines. Avenues with channels of water down them, arched bridges, bazaars with vaulted aisles and doorways like cathedrals! One could wander here for days on end. There was no square to compare with the Maidan anywhere in Europe until Louis XIV built the Place Vendôme. And this is to talk of the Maidan without its mosques, for there is another, the Sheikh Lutful-lah, just across the square. It is smaller, much smaller than the blue mosque, and still subtler in colour. A dome like a casque or helmet, not one of the swelling domes, and at first glance not blue at all, but between *café au lait* or *marron* in colour, with the pricks and tendrils of a rose-tree in black and white inlaid upon it, and under that, looking again, a faint blue lustre from its china surface. But the inside of the Sheikh Lutful-lah is so perfect and wonderful that I found it disappointing. In any event one is entirely sated after seeing these two mosques in a single morning. And in the afternoon one ought to go to the Friday Mosque, much earlier in date, where there are two domed chambers in brickwork of the eleventh century which, from the point of view of the purist, are the finest work in Isfahan. What I have described, up till now, is as our Perpendicular Gothic compared to Norman.

But, instead, let us have one more look by evening light at the domes of Isfahan. Here is colour in architecture for the first, and last, time. Forget Wren's dome of St. Paul's, and St. Peter's in Rome, and Brunelleschi's dome in Florence. We are looking at domes of turquoise or sapphire in the evening sky. While we gaze they go through subtle and incredible changes in the sky, and against the distant mountains. Now I am back in England, if I shut my eyes there they still are, so beautiful and satisfying in form and colour that I can scarcely believe I had the luck to see them.—*Third Programme*

But, instead, let us have one more look by evening light at the domes of Isfahan. Here is colour in architecture for the first, and last, time. Forget Wren's dome of St. Paul's, and St. Peter's in Rome, and Brunelleschi's dome in Florence. We are looking at domes of turquoise or sapphire in the evening sky. While we gaze they go through subtle and incredible changes in the sky, and against the distant mountains. Now I am back in England, if I shut my eyes there they still are, so beautiful and satisfying in form and colour that I can scarcely believe I had the luck to see them.—*Third Programme*

The Romanes lecture on John Fletcher delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on June 7 by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., has now been published by the Clarendon Press, price 2s. 6d.



The inside of the dome of the Sheikh Lutful-lah mosque in Isfahan



# Pagodas and Palaces

SUSANNE LANG on the work of Fischer von Erlach

**I**N the grounds of Kew Gardens Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, built a series of architectural follies unique in the history of architecture. There was a Turkish mosque, a Chinese pagoda. The House of Confucius stood next to a Gothic cathedral; there was a Roman arch, the Temple of the Sun from Baalbec, a miniature Pantheon, an Alhambra and a theatre of Augustus. In seven years, from 1757 to 1763, Chambers added these various 'styles' to the Gothic 'revival' and set a fashion for the next hundred years. From England this fashion for the exotic spread to the continent.

This was the first time that the exotic was given equal status with the classic, and Kew was the first place where this mixture of styles could be seen in actual buildings; but the idea that a barbaric monument deserves as much study and respect as a classical temple had been expressed much earlier in an important treatise by a man who is better known for his own architecture than for his writings—by Fischer von Erlach. Fischer published in 1721 a book which was really the first attempt ever to give a complete pictorial history of the architecture of the world. 'Artists', the author says at the beginning, 'will here see that nations dissent no less in their taste for architecture, than in food and raiment and by comparing one with the other they themselves may make a judicious choice'.

Compare this statement of policy with what an English architect of the time has to say on the question of ancient architecture: 'What I have sent you', this contemporary of Fischer writes, 'is authentic and what is according to the practice of the ancients and what is historical and good architecture, convenient, lasting, decent, and beautiful'. No 'comparing one with the other' here—but a tacit assumption that authentic, ancient (in the sense of classical) and good are more or less synonymous. This was Hawksmoor writing to Lord Carlisle, and not only talking for himself but reflecting the general Renaissance and post-Renaissance view. Note the euphemism 'practice'. Ancient forms had to be studied with a practical purpose in mind; and among the 'ancient' forms it was really only Roman ones that counted. You will see what an importance this state of affairs gives to Fischer's work. It was the first architectural treatise which was not wholly didactic, nor simply a handbook; it was not a prescription for drawing the orders correctly, nor an archaeological essay solely for the use of antiquarians. The stress was on the aesthetic. Never before had the pyramids been rendered so grandiose, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus so monumental.

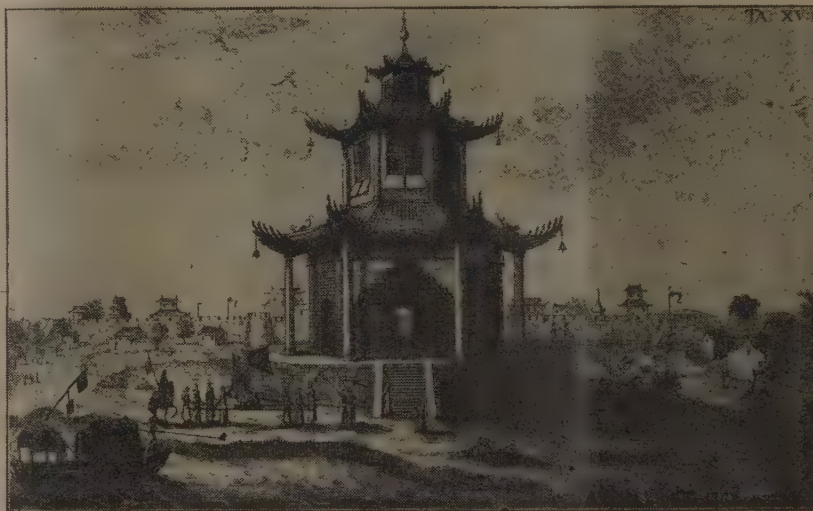
The treatise is divided into five parts: the first book illustrates the temple of Solomon, the towns of Babylon and Nineveh, several plates of pyramids, Persian tombs, Greek and Hellenistic temples and, finally, Deinocrates' Mount Athos from the description of Vitruvius. The second book shows what Fischer calls 'lesser-known' Roman buildings—amongst them the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato. In the third book Fischer introduces the exotic styles: Islamic, with a Turkish bath in Budapest, the mosques of Mecca and Medina, and finally buildings of Siam and China. The fourth book contains Fischer's own works, and the fifth vases.

Fischer found a rich literature when he embarked on his scheme;

he could borrow from the seventeenth-century embassies to Constantinople, from Le Brun's Palmyra, and so on. He was the first to collect all this diverse architecture together, the first to give it equal place with that of Rome and to treat it not as mere curiosities but as art. His eighteenth-century 'museum without walls' even had room for the primitive: he showed Stonehenge and, what more, did not transform it into a Roman monument. One significant fact about this book was that it made all this out-of-the-way material easily accessible, and I think it is possible that Fischer's treatise did merely precede Chambers' multi-national garden furniture at Kew which actually inspired it. Copies of the treatise were quite frequent

in England. It had been translated by Thomas Lediard in 1730.

English architects of the seventeenth-eighteenth and nineteenth-thirties—those who owned the book or saw it—would have had little use of Fischer's own Baroque extravagancies. It was the exotic examples that caught on. A few years ago, Mr. Croft Munro discovered in a house in Richmond views from different parts of the world. Several of them were obviously taken from Fischer's treatise. The house had belonged to Handel's well-known painter Heidegger. To a student of revival styles these seemingly trivial details are of the greatest interest. They appear to confirm that the origins



Three engravings from *A Plan of Civil and Historical Architecture* (1721) by Fischer von Erlach: a Chinese pagoda—

the fashion for the exotic and the primitive lie much farther back in time than is generally assumed.

Johann Bernhard Fischer was born in 1656 in the small Austrian town of Graz. His father was a sculptor, his grandfather a bookseller. When Fischer was fifteen he went to Rome, probably to become a sculptor. For some time he worked with Bernini but he had also come into contact with Carlo Fontana, who later became the teacher of James Gibbs. In Rome sculpture and architecture were not his only pursuits; he moved in the society of scholars and antiquarians like Bellori and came under the spell of Athanasius Kircher, the seventeenth-century Egyptologist. Fischer there got his first glimpse of the Pyramids and of Chinese temples. Then in the late sixteen-eighties Fischer returned to Austria and became instructor in architecture to the nine-year-old Archduke Josef, the future Emperor Josef I. Fischer's activity from then on was largely concentrated on buildings and designs for the three emperors of his lifetime, Leopold I, Josef I, and Charles VI; as imperial architect he received a handsome salary, had an influential position, and was ennobled under the name of Fischer von Erlach.

Fischer's designs for the Emperor, who was the Holy Roman Emperor of the German Nation, were truly imperial and truly Roman. They can be fully understood only if interpreted in this way. The best known buildings are the Karlskirche and the Emperor's summer palace of Schönbrunn. Others are the Imperial stables and the Imperial library, all in Vienna and all still standing. Fischer's first design for Schönbrunn was for a palace of great size, the main pile standing on the summit of a hill and not in the valley where it stands now. It looks very much like the Temple of Fortuna at Praeneste. The second design for Schönbrunn, the one that was carried out, echoes Nero's Golden House in Fischer's own treatise.



The Karlskirche is more patently Roman still; its façade looks like a topographical print of Rome in stone; it combines pagan features with Christian ones: the dome which rises over the centre of the façade is flanked on either side by a full-size Trajan column; that is a motif which is taken from an actual existing monument in Rome; the little turrets which complete the façade on either side can be traced to those which Bernini had put on Hadrian's façade of St. Peter. The church was turned toward the imperial castle following the Emperor to behold this abbreviation of Rome whenever he pleased. This building, then, is proof of Fischer's sense of history, but also of his genius in transforming history into art; it would make an immediate aesthetic impact on anyone completely unaware of its Roman associations.

The German Emperor—like Louis XIV—was the centre of his realm: this truth was symbolised in the lay-out of towns and buildings. But while Versailles was actually linked with Paris by a long avenue, Fischer used subtler means. The connection between the Karlskirche and the Palace is an ideal one, not a tangible one; no avenue could nor could connect these two buildings

across the fortifications, which surrounded the old town in a semicircle, but the relationship is clearly there; it is there, too, between the Imperial Palace at the centre and the other Viennese palaces which were built around it in another, wider semicircle. By orientating these buildings towards the Imperial Palace as their focal point, Fischer did something important and lasting for the character of Vienna itself: he gave direction to its sprawling suburbs and secured the old city's position as the heart of the growing metropolis.

This was perhaps Fischer's most enduring architectural achievement; others were substantial, too: he transformed medieval Salzburg and Vienna into Baroque towns, and above all he created what has been called without exaggeration a native Baroque architecture. But he was no beginning to dig its grave. In his maturity this disciple of Bernini was drawn towards a more severe classical attitude; less than twenty years after his return from Italy he journeyed to Berlin and London. In Berlin his mission was architectural; in London it seems to have been chiefly diplomatic—he arrived just before the battle of Blenheim. But even if his visit was mainly political he must have had a good



—Fischer's first plan for the summer palace at Schönbrunn—

look round. England at that time was certainly the most active country architecturally; Greenwich was just begun; St. Paul's was nearing completion. The City and her churches had been rebuilt. Moreover, this English Baroque might well have appealed to Fischer's own classicist tendencies. I should like to suggest that this visit to England left definite marks on his work. Two palaces show, I think, traces of this, and both brought about important changes in the Austrian Baroque façade. The most puzzling similarity to my mind is one which has never been remarked upon; it is between the apse of St. Paul's and the façade of the Kollegienkirche in Salzburg. The façade of the Kollegienkirche has as its central feature a curved bulge which looks like an inverted apse; and, like the real apse at the back of St. Paul's, this is crowned by a curved pediment. Fischer's Kollegienkirche was begun in 1696, but it was not finished until 1707, three years after he had been to England, so that he may well have adopted Wren's solution. An earlier engraving shows the Kollegienkirche with the same rounded 'apse' but here it is crowned by a straight pediment which looks most awkward as it does not fit the semicircle underneath. Wren's solution was ideal and—who

knows?—perhaps Fischer wanted to pay homage to the great architect whose interests, like Fischer's, went beyond architecture and who was, like Fischer, an intellectual as well.

Perhaps Fischer's greatest moment came when Leibniz named him among the members of his proposed academy. Altogether we know very little of the man and what made him write his curious book: was it only enforced idleness in times of war, as he asserts in the preface, or was it an attempt to reach a more international audience than he could through his buildings? I am inclined to believe that the very air of Vienna was responsible for Fischer's architectural discovery of the East; Vienna at once the heir to Rome and the heart of a multi-national empire, so close to the eastern half of the globe. To me the seemingly contradictory aspects of Fischer's work—his Baroque exuberance tempered by classical severity—are a further proof of the complexity of the period and of the style which goes under the name of Baroque.—*Third Programme*



—and his design for the Kollegienkirche at Salzburg

*Testimony to Hilaire Belloc* by Eleanor and Reginald Jebb (Methuen, 16s.) is in two parts; the first by Belloc's son-in-law on 'The Man and his Work'; the second by his daughter, entitled 'Reminiscences of H.B.', consisting of memories of her father from her early childhood up to 1914.



# Radio Telescopes and Secrets of the Galaxy

By A. C. B. LOVELL

**A** WEEK or two ago I gave a lecture near Bonn in Western Germany. There were one or two unusual things about this lecture. It was given in a very large tent, and the tent was in an unusual place; it was erected in the countryside under the shadow of a structure in steel and concrete towering more than 100 feet into the air. The structure, which had just been officially opened, was one of the world's biggest radio telescopes. The radio telescope was a circular bowl eighty-three feet across, mounted so that it could be trained on any part of the sky. Its job is to pick up radio waves that are reaching the earth from regions of space far away from the solar system.

That is not the only journey I have made this year to be present at the dedication of a radio-telescope. In the middle of April there was a delightful ceremony at a place called Dwingeloo in northern Holland where Queen Juliana pressed the button which set in motion another great telescope. If I had been energetic I could have crossed the Atlantic to Harvard where, a few weeks later, another telescope of the same size was opened. There is a fashion in big radio-telescopes just now. If you have enough dollars you can order an eighty-footer in the United States without causing a stir, and the Russians are buying mammoth things, 100 feet across, with equal ease from a firm in East Berlin.

I do not pretend to know why so many radio-telescopes are being built all over the world, but I have a clear picture of the work in front of the three big ones at Bonn, Harvard, and Dwingeloo. These three have been built at considerable cost for a definite purpose. Whereas many of the radio-telescopes pick up signals from space on the wavelengths we use in television, these three are going to work almost entirely on the very much shorter wavelength of twenty-one centimetres. That particular wavelength is important because it is the wavelength on which the hydrogen gas in the space between the stars sends out radio waves.

Before I explain why astronomers are rather excited about the possibility of studying these particular radio emissions, I ought to tell you the remarkable story which led up to their discovery. The scene is set in Holland during the German occupation. The astronomers at Leiden Observatory were dispersed—many in hiding. Even so, they managed to gather together occasionally for a scientific discussion. As the war moved to its climax these meetings became more and more difficult and, in fact, they became impossible by the late spring of 1944. But at the very last one, in April 1944, a young research student named van de Hulst spoke about the condition of the hydrogen atoms in the depths of space. I know several of the people who were present then. They recall that they were very hungry, living largely by eating tulip bulbs, and rolling cigarettes from the stubs thrown away by the German troops. It was under those conditions that van de Hulst put forward a theory that within ten years was to lead to one of the most dramatic developments in post-war science.

The essence of this theory is not difficult to understand if you think

for a moment of the conventional picture of the atom as a heavy nucleus surrounded by electrons. Ordinary light is produced when these outer electrons rearrange themselves. For example, the characteristic colour of some of our street lighting is caused by the rearrangement of the electrons in sodium atoms.

Van de Hulst drew attention to a slightly different method by which a hydrogen atom could emit radiation. Hydrogen is the simplest of all atoms. It has a nucleus and only one outer electron. This electron can spin in two different ways with respect to the magnetic field associated

with the nucleus. Van de Hulst calculated that if the electron changed from one spin to the other the atom would emit radiation on a wavelength of twenty-one centimetres. This is, of course, radiation in the very short radio-wave region, in contrast with wavelengths of only a few millionths of a centimetre which light is emitted in the other kind of electron transition.

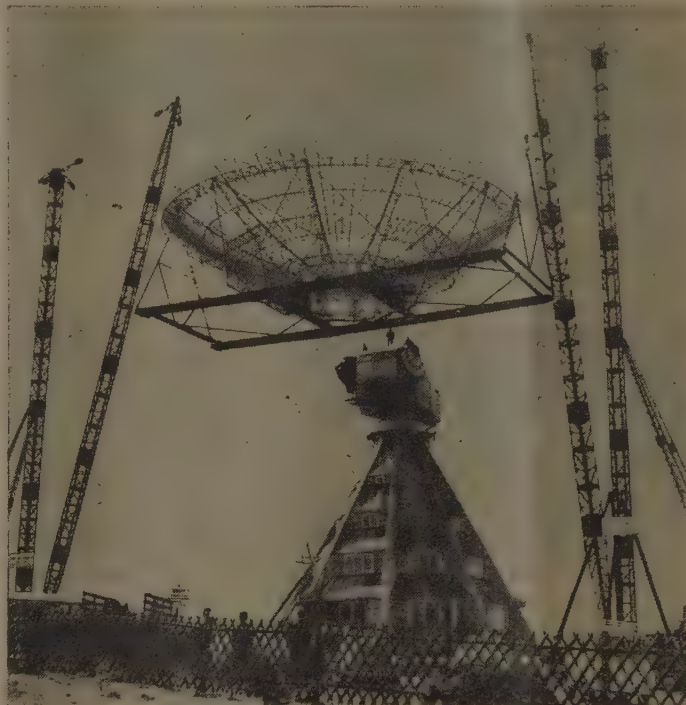
Van de Hulst's calculations were mainly concerned with the possibility of detecting the emission from the clouds of hydrogen gas in the Milky Way system. The average density of these atoms in space is exceedingly low—not more than one every cubic centimetre. Furthermore, the particular switch of the spin of the electron of any one hydrogen atom is likely to occur only once in about 11,000,000 years. Nevertheless the gas clouds of hydrogen among the stars are so vast that van de Hulst's calculations showed that, given the right equipment, this radio emission of twenty-one centimetres should be detectable.

It took years of peace to develop the right equipment, then, in the spring of 1951

scientists in Holland, America, and Australia announced simultaneously that they had succeeded in detecting this exceedingly weak radio emission from the hydrogen clouds in the Milky Way. At one stroke, observational astronomy was revolutionised. The detection of the radio emission was a triumph of technical skill, and a brilliant vindication of van de Hulst's prediction.

But in the future lay the unparalleled opportunity of piercing the secrets of the structure of the galaxy. Although the large optical telescopes reveal the details of the furthest parts of the universe, they are powerless to penetrate the dust clouds which obscure the structural details of the 10,000,000,000 stars which constitute our own galaxy Milky Way system. The hydrogen radio emission is a spectral line, that is, an emission on a very restricted wavelength, and it became possible to measure the relative motion of the hydrogen gas with respect to the solar system by observing the change in wavelength of the line. Furthermore, since dust presents little handicap to the passage of radio waves it was possible to do this even in the important parts of the Milky Way that are completely obscured from the optical telescope.

Luckily the distinguished director of the Leiden Observatory, Professor Jan Oort, was an authority on the structure of galaxies, and under his leadership van de Hulst and a few young colleagues used this new weapon in a concentrated study of the motions and distribution



Assembling the new radio-telescope near Bonn, Western Germany, last month: derricks are lifting into place the great circular bowl, eighty-three feet in diameter





The nebula in Andromeda

By courtesy of the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

the hydrogen clouds. They used an old German radar set, and within a few years produced results of almost unbelievable detail and elegance of parts of the Milky Way that man will never see.

The uncertainty about the structure of the Milky Way system has been resolved. It has been known for many years that it probably contains 10,000,000,000 stars distributed throughout a vast space in the form of a flattened disc. This system is enormous. Light travels 16,000 miles every second, and yet it would take 100,000 years to travel from one side of the disc to the other. Astronomers are anxious to find out how these great numbers of stars are arranged within this disc. In the remote galaxies the arrangements vary considerably. Some have their stars arranged in great spirals, emerging from a central hub. These are known as spiral nebulae, and the only nebula outside the Milky Way that is visible to the naked eye, the nebula in Andromeda, is a classic example of this form. Others appear to have a more uniform distribution of stars and are known as elliptical nebulae. The amount of dust and gas between the stars in these nebulae differs greatly amongst the various types, and it is believed that they represent different stages in the evolution of stars and galaxies from the primeval dust and gas. Unfortunately, although we know all this about the distant regions of space, the Milky Way has hidden its secret behind the dust clouds that lie between us and the central regions of this system of stars. It is true that there was a good deal of circumstantial evidence that the Milky Way was a spiral galaxy like the Andromeda nebula but the twenty-one-centimetre investigations in Leiden have placed the question beyond doubt. Now we know that our own galaxy is made up of at least five spiral arms, winding like a giant octopus round the centre, and that the Earth is in an unprivileged position out in one of the arms.

I want to tell you about another piece of news connected with galaxies and stars that are very remote. If you study the light from these distant galaxies in an optical telescope you find that there is a general displacement of the light towards the red end of the spectrum; also that this reddening effect is far greater for the very distant galaxies than it is for the nearer ones. Most astronomers believe that this reddening is due to the fact that the galaxies are running away from one another, in other

words that the universe is expanding. If this interpretation is correct it means that the speed of recession of the remote galaxies near the limit of the observable universe is exceedingly high. For example, there is a famous case, very familiar to radio astronomers, of two galaxies that have collided with one another. These objects are so distant that the light and the radio waves have taken 200,000,000 years to reach us. At this great distance the speed of recession is 10,000 miles every second; every minute we are separated from these galaxies by more than 500,000 miles. Although most people believe in the expanding universe, there has always been an undercurrent of doubt as to whether this really is the correct interpretation of the reddening of the light or whether it might not be caused by some other effect.

A few months ago scientists in Washington detected the emission from the colliding galaxies in the twenty-one-centimetre region. Their radio telescope was not big enough to pick up the actual hydrogen line emission on twenty-one centimetres but they were able to record the effects of the absorption on this wavelength, or rather on a wavelength of 22.4 centimetres. The increase of nearly one-and-a-half centimetres is exactly what you expect if the object emitting the signals is moving away at a speed of 10,000 miles a second. Thus both the radio and the light measurements give the same answer, and I do not think that many people can still question the reality of the expansion of the universe. In itself this is a satisfactory result, but I think that the demonstration of the possibility of measuring this spectral line from the hydrogen in remote galaxies is supremely exciting.

So far, I have discussed a special subject in radio astronomy, in which this particular radio emission from the hydrogen gas is studied. If you tune your apparatus to a longer wavelength—to the television band for example—then the radio emissions come in from space over a wide range of wavelengths. Some of these come from localised sources in the Milky Way system, from peculiar objects like exploded stars or supernovae. But most of these radio sources lie outside the Milky Way. We already know the positions in the sky of about 3,000 of these, but the strange thing is that apart from a very few they cannot be identified with anything that is visible in the big optical telescopes. The few that can be identified are the amazing cases where galaxies have collided with one another. We believe that these may give the clue, and Martin Ryle in Cambridge has suggested that the thousands of unidentified radio sources may be colliding galaxies which are so far away that they are right beyond the limit of penetration of the largest optical telescopes. If this turns out to be true, then we are studying the condition of the universe as it existed perhaps 1,000,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 years ago. The new point I want to make is that the hydrogen line work can measure these distances. If we measure the change in wavelength of the line from the radio sources, then we know the speed of recession and the distance of the source.

Many people discuss how the universe came into existence, and one possibility is that it started expanding from the primeval super-dense bubble about 7,000,000,000 years ago. The trouble so far is that no one has been able to produce any experimental check on this idea, since the optical telescopes take us back only about 1,000,000,000 years. It looks to me as though the new radio telescopes, such as the one nearing completion at Jodrell Bank, are going to take us back just that much further in time and space, so that we can study the universe in its critical evolutionary phases. Perhaps you begin to see why there is a fashion in big radio telescopes.—*Home Service*

*An Automatic Integrator for Determining the Mean Spherical Response of Loudspeakers and Microphones*, by A. Gee and D. E. L. Shorter of the Research Department, B.B.C. Engineering Division, is the latest addition (No. 8) to the series of monographs written in the Division. About six of these monographs are produced each year. The price is 5s. a copy or the annual subscription is £1 post free. Orders can be placed with newsgagents or booksellers or B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

*The Saturday Book 16*, edited by John Hadfield, complete in its wrapper and box (Hutchinson, 30s.), is as sumptuous a production as ever. Its variety is almost infinite stretching, as the subject index informs us, from 'Aeronautics' to 'Women, Fallen'. Among its more notable features are a series of Victorian narrative paintings introduced by James Laver; a poem by John Betjeman with decorations by John Piper; a piece on Perugia by Richard Church; Scenes of Domestic Life by Marguerite Steen; and, among The Cabinet of Curiosities, Sepulchral Effigies by Olive Cook with photographs by Edwin Smith, and Courtship in Clay or Potted Passion by Gerald Bullett with verses by him accompanying the illustrations.



# Attacking a Nation's Heart

By NORMAN GIBBS

THE discovery of new weapons is liable, in any age, to lead to talk of revolution in strategy. The introduction of the machine gun, the tank, the dreadnought, and the submarine have all been accompanied by talk of this kind. Small wonder, then, that the invention of aircraft should have led many to propound the revolution in strategy which appeared to follow not merely from a new weapon but from the use of a new medium—the air. The first writer fully to rationalise the impact of aircraft on the conduct of war was the Italian, Giulio Douhet. Douhet published his classic *The Command of the Air* in 1921. The basis of his claim for the primary place of air power in future war was, first, that wars would now be won, not by fighting between armies and navies but by air attacks upon industries and centres of population. Armies and navies were simply the shield which protected the heart of a nation's life. Aircraft could fly over the land and the sea and attack the heart directly. Secondly, he argued that the aeroplane was a weapon of enormous offensive capability against which no effective defence could be envisaged.

I do not propose to discuss or to dispute Douhet's first assumption, together with the revolution in strategy it so far implies. It is possible for aircraft to by-pass troops and ships and to attack a nation's heart. To that extent air power renders land and sea power of secondary importance. But has it so far proved possible to do this, as Douhet's second assumption suggests, without fighting a battle for command of the air precisely as armies and navies have in the past fought for the command of the land or the sea? In other words, was Lord Trenchard right when he claimed in 1916 that 'the aeroplane is not a defence against the aeroplane'?

## Onslaught on Installations and Industries

By command of any medium I mean the ability to use it effectively for oneself coupled with the ability to deny its effective use to the enemy. Long ago the great naval historian, Mahan, pointed out that command of the sea implied either the destruction or the neutralisation of the enemy's fleet: in other words, either a successful battle such as Trafalgar, or a successful blockade such as that which bottled up the German Fleet in its harbours during almost the entire length of the first world war. Battle or blockade enabled us to use the sea to transport men and materials on it, while our enemy was unable to do so. Douhet argued that command of the air should be accomplished differently. An enemy air force should not be dealt with by combat in the air but by attacks against its ground installations and aircraft industries and workers. There would be no air battle between aircraft comparable to the battles fought between armies and navies.

As I understand it, the reasoning behind this argument runs like this. The medium the aeroplane uses is limitless; the speeds at which aircraft operate are far greater than those of troops and ships; and aircraft are not limited by natural features, such as mountains or coastlines, which canalise surface action along certain clearly defined lines. Therefore the aeroplane has unlimited possibilities of evasion denied to other weapons of war. From this arises the view that the aeroplane can always find some way of getting to its target, and that the only way of defeating the bomber is by preventing it from ever leaving the factory or, if that fails, from becoming airborne from its base. To put it more graphically, here is the origin of the view that the bomber will always get through, and that the only answer to it is more bombers of one's own. 'The bomber will *always* get through', said Mr. Baldwin on a famous occasion several years before the war; '... the only defence is in offence, which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves'.

Did the second world war in fact prove that the bomber, in addition to its undoubted ability to strike at the heart of the enemy nation, could do this without fighting and overcoming the defending air force? In other words, was the revolution in strategy, due to the use of air power, a twofold one as Douhet had claimed? Was it not only that aircraft could destroy the very roots of a nation's life, but that they could do so without fighting the pitched battles that armies and navies

had hitherto been faced with? My own view is that, in this last sense, air power introduced no strategic revolution whatsoever in the second world war. Whenever, in that war, air power achieved its purposes in relation to fighting on land, at sea, or independently in what was called strategic bombing, it did so only by first achieving command of the air through destroying or neutralising enemy air power by methods similar to those which had long characterised the work of Britain's Navy in its command of the seas.

This contention could be illustrated by episodes from all phases and areas of the war, from the Battles of France and Britain, the campaign in North Africa, the fighting in Burma and the great battles in the Pacific. I propose to limit myself to a discussion of some aspects of the independent or strategic bombing of Germany to prove my point. And I must emphasise that I am here concerned with history, with what *has* happened, not with prophecy, with what *may* happen in the future.

## Faith in the Bomber

The strategy envisaged by the British Air Staff at the beginning of the war was that, initially we would be forced on to the defensive, *i.e.* to a dependence on fighters and ground defences to frustrate early attempts at a knock-out blow by the bombers of the numerically superior German air force. Subsequently the R.A.F. would go over to the offensive and make its contribution to the war by bombing Germany. In some valuable chapters on the pre-1939 development of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, in his latest book, *The Central Blue*, admits that a passionate belief, indeed a faith, in the efficacy of the bomber had not been accompanied by a sufficiently careful examination of how the bomber was in fact to do its work. Two vital questions in particular do not seem to have been asked, or at any rate not sufficiently asked, about this offensive stage. In the first place, if it was possible for our fighters to turn back German bombers, would it not be possible for German fighters to do the same to us? Secondly, if our bombers flew by night, to avoid German fighters, had they either the navigational or the bomb-aiming equipment, or indeed the bombs, to enable them to hit their targets and to destroy them? The war itself soon provided a clear answer to all these questions.

On September 4, 1939, a low-flying force of Blenheims, sent out to attack the German Fleet off Wilhelmshaven, was entirely wiped out by light anti-aircraft fire. On December 15, twenty-two Wellingtons again went to Wilhelmshaven. Of the twenty-two, ten were shot down in flames by German fighters, two more came down in the sea on the way home, and three of the ten which reached England were so badly damaged that they had to make forced landings. This was not the kind of punishment any force could accept as the price of so little damage done to the enemy. The Battle of France soon repeated the lesson.

## Targets by Night

Already in the 'phoney' war period, therefore, the R.A.F. began to move away from its plan of bombing precision targets by daylight to a programme of bombing less precise targets in the dark. It was already clear, in other words, that the bomber would not always get through. And, before the end of 1940, the R.A.F. was committed to a policy of night bombing from which it never completely departed during the rest of the war. Unfortunately, the aircraft then available, apart from their limited load-carrying capacity, lacked the equipment both for navigation and for bomb-aiming which alone would have made night bombing successful. Moreover, the bombs available lacked the power to achieve the necessary degree of destruction. For a long time, at least, despite our own experience in the Battle of Britain, it was difficult for anybody to credit the errors that occurred. But during 1941 and 1942 the evidence became undeniable. Sir Arthur Harris wrote in his book *Bomber Offensive*:

Night photographs taken during June and July of 1941, showed that of those aircraft reported to have attacked their target in Germany only one in four got within five miles of it, and, when the target was the Ruhr, only one in ten.



And so the process was completed. Starting with precision bombing by day, to destroy the German economy, the R.A.F. was forced by the German defences to less precise bombing by night. The errors of night bombing were so great that precision attacks were stopped and our aircraft bombed, instead, simply large cities as a whole.

### The United States Enters the War

Meanwhile, the United States had entered the war and its Eighth Air Force began to build up an additional bomber force in Britain from August 1942 onwards. The initial experience of the Americans in this combined bomber offensive was no happier than that of the R.A.F. had been. The Americans were determined to keep to precision bombing by daylight, confident that the heavier armament of their Fortresses, especially when employed in close formation, would defeat the German fighter defences. The experience of 1943 taught them otherwise. Once the Fortresses attempted to bomb deep into Germany, beyond the range of fighter escort, it became clear that their casualties were prohibitive. This problem reached a crisis in mid-October 1943. On the fourteenth of that month, 291 Fortresses attacked the ball-bearing plants at Schweinfurt, about 100 miles north of Munich and well beyond the range of fighter escort. Out of the 291, sixty Fortresses with their crews were lost, and seventeen others suffered major damage. Whatever damage was done to Schweinfurt was far less than that inflicted on the American Air Force. The problem was not finally solved until, by March 1944, the long-range Mustang fighter was at last available. With their extra fuel tanks the Mustangs could now fly as far as the bombers themselves could penetrate.

The last impression I want to give is that the bomber offensive had done nothing of value before the end of 1943. It certainly had. In the first place, by going over to the offensive and by keeping to it, the R.A.F., and later the United States Army Air Force as well, had compelled the Germans to use their air force to defend themselves instead of attacking us or the Russians. Secondly, the mounting raids of 1942 and 1943 had driven the Germans into a major programme of industrial dispersion in order to maintain production. This involved serious dislocation at the time. It proved a fatal weakness later when, in 1944, the Allies were able to bomb the German transport system at will.

On the other hand, even after the 1,000 bomber raid on Cologne and the great fire raids on Hamburg, German morale had clearly not been destroyed. Nor, and this was perhaps a greater shock, had German industrial production been lowered. It has been estimated that German production of all war commodities increased by fifty per cent. in 1942 over the 1940 figure, and that it went on steadily increasing into the first half of 1944. There are many factors to be taken into account in explaining this. The one we cannot avoid is that, certainly until the end of 1943, the bomber offensive had failed to destroy or even noticeably to weaken the German economy because bombers could not operate persistently or accurately enough so long as they had to deal with the attention of German fighters and German anti-aircraft defences. In the dark days of 1941 and 1942, as Sir John Slessor points out, those who were directing the activities of Bomber Command needed all their faith in their self-appointed task to withstand the doubts in their own minds and the attacks of their critics. That faith, and the bitter lessons which war alone could teach, at length brought success.

The picture changed in 1944. As I have already implied, the experience of 1943 had shown 'that an all-out attack on Nazi air-power would be a necessary preliminary to any successful strategic bombardment campaign and to the great invasion of Europe planned for the spring of 1944'. In February 1944 that process began with a concentrated attack on German fighter aircraft plants which the German fighter force was bound to defend. This time the bombers were prepared with their own defending escorts. In successive raids of this kind, and in deep penetrating fighter and fighter-bomber sweeps, the Allies invited the German air force to fight it out in the air, and that fight the Allies won. If German aircraft production still continued to rise, Germany's stock of trained pilots was steadily drained away. Although at no stage were German fighters completely driven from the skies, they operated less and less frequently and to less effect. By D-Day the battle for air superiority had been won.

With invasion successfully launched, the air battle of the last year of the war became genuinely one of attrition. First, the combined bomber forces attacked Germany's oil industry. By September 1944 German oil production was a mere five per cent. of what it had been the previous January. Speer, the German Minister of Production, pleaded with Hitler to divert more and more fighters to defend the Reich. But it was too

late. Oil plants had been destroyed because German fighters could no longer defend them; once they were destroyed there was no longer enough fuel to fill the tanks of the remaining fighters, let alone to train new pilots. It was a vicious circle. And, once oil had been dealt with, in the latter months of 1944 the German transport system as a whole was destroyed. Whatever his miracles of production in isolated cases, Speer no longer had the means to assemble dependent parts or to transport them to those who had to fight. In the end he saw hope only in bad weather. That alone, he thought, could prevent the bombers getting through. And even the weather failed him. For radar rose superior to the weather. By the end of 1944 the German economic machine was rapidly running down. In fact this coincided with the final overrunning of German territory by Allied and Russian armies. But it was Speer's view, after the war, that at this point the war could have been won by the air offensive alone.

Writing when the war was over, Lord Tedder argued that command of the air was a 'by-product' of the bombing campaign. While as a description this is true, as an analysis I think it is putting the cart before the horse. It is true that, since the nature of and necessity for command of the air was for long so little understood, indeed so strongly denied, it was not deliberately striven for; and it is equally true, as I have tried to point out, that while other objectives were being sought, command of the air, as it were by accident, was being won. But logically, and therefore strategically, there can be no doubt of the correct order. For a long time the major value of bombing Germany was to compel the German air force to fight. And only when that fight was won could the bombers go on to their basic tasks of destroying the enemy's economy and his morale.

Sir John Slessor fairly points out that the second world war witnessed the first bomber offensive in history. It was, therefore, not surprising that vital lessons had to be learned in the 'grim school of actual war experience'. Of those lessons, perhaps the most important was that the exercise of air power demanded the achievement of air superiority, and that that, in turn, implied the destruction or neutralisation of the enemy air force by fighting. But that, in principle, is what the British Navy had done for generations in maintaining command of the sea. Whatever else the aeroplane did in the second world war, it introduced no revolution in strategy in this respect.—*Third Programme*

## Aspects of Africa

(continued from page 497)

must be suffered with the birth of this new society. What can we, as administrators, do about it? Very little, I am afraid. It is not the sort of problem that is solved by government legislation or municipal by-laws; nor by the domestic guidance kindly offered by helpful welfare workers and European ladies' societies, however useful these efforts may be from other points of view. What we can do, and what we are doing, is to unlock the doors which might bar a woman from entering public life. But it would be foolish to force her out into the open. What we can do, and are doing on an increasing scale, is to give her advice and guidance on how to run her household, how to look after her children. We do this to give her confidence in an environment which must often be strange and confusing to her; and because we hope that it will give her husband a new pride in his home, wife, and family. We try to encourage the kind of cultural activity in which both men and women, and preferably married couples, participate. For we think that this will foster a sense of equality and mutual respect between the sexes. They are useful efforts which, here and there, may bear a little fruit; but they cannot solve the problem, for the real change must come from within.

Perhaps it has started already. The wife of an African M.P. sharing her husband's public duties, a minister's widow staunchly taking care of her late husband's parish; a circle of young housewives meeting to discuss the problems of their urban community; a hesitant effort by factory girls to form their own workers' union; married couples singing side by side in a newly formed choral society: these are all isolated instances, but they may well be the early symptoms of a general awakening, of a growing awareness that, with the loss of a widely active kinship system, the relationship between husband and wife must make room for a new concept of marital and social partnership. Within this single frame they must now seek to balance the relative weakness and strength which formerly derived from multiple kinship relations extending far beyond domestic life. It is the type of marriage relationship counselled by the Christian Church, but the Church has also found that it does not come by simple bidding.—*Third Programme*



# NEWS DIARY

## September 26–October 2

### Wednesday, September 26

U.N. Security Council considers procedure on Suez Canal dispute

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary begin talks with French Ministers in Paris

Further clashes take place on Israel-Jordan frontier. British Government condemns reprisal raids

### Thursday, September 27

Official statement published at end of Anglo-French talks in Paris says that the solidarity of the Entente has been strengthened

British atomic device is tested in South Australia

Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Tito leave Yugoslavia together for Russia

### Friday, September 28

Two British Servicemen are shot dead in Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus

French military authorities state that over a hundred uniformed insurgents have been killed in a fight in Eastern Algeria

London underwriters reduce risk rates for cargoes going through the Suez Canal

### Saturday, September 29

Princess Margaret arrives in Mauritius

A curfew is imposed in Nicosia during the investigation of terrorist shooting

Mr. Clement Davies states that he is giving up the leadership of the Parliamentary Liberal Party

### Sunday, September 30

The Persian Foreign Minister announces that his country will join the Suez Canal Users' Association

Sir Richard Fairey, founder of the Fairey Aviation Company, dies aged sixty-nine

### Monday, October 1

R.A.F. Vulcan delta-wing bomber crashes at London Airport after 26,000-mile flight to New Zealand and back. Four out of crew of six are killed

Annual conference of Labour Party opens at Blackpool

Suez Canal Users' Association is formally instituted after a meeting in London

### Tuesday, October 2

Mr. Aneurin Bevan is elected Treasurer of the Labour Party by majority of 274,000 votes

The Foreign Secretary arrives in New York and Chancellor of the Exchequer returns to London from Washington

Inquiry into air crash at London Airport opens



The cloud rising over the desert at Maralinga in South Australia after a British atomic device had been exploded there on September 27



A piece of sculpture by Keith Godwin on the theme of home-making which was unveiled on September 27 by Sir Hugh Casson, to mark the completion of a block of 160 flats on the Parkleys estate, Ham Common, Surrey

Right: the tiny harbour of Portquin (near Port Isaac) on the north coast of Cornwall) whose south side is part of forty acres of property just acquired by the National Trust



A general view of the meeting of September 26



A view of the ceremony at Cassino war cemetery which Sunday unveiled the memorial commemorating 4,066 who died during the campaigns in Sicily







Council at its headquarters in New York when it considered on procedure on the Suez Canal dispute



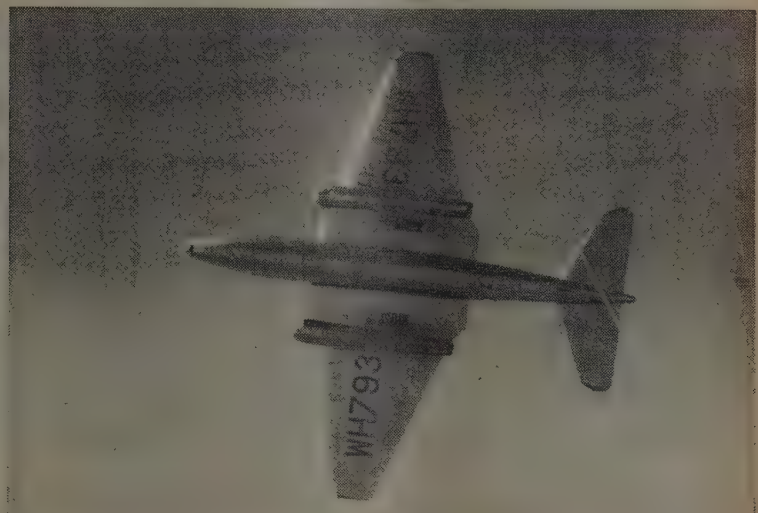
Princess Margaret inspecting the Guard of Honour mounted on the quayside at Port Louis when she arrived in Mauritius last Sunday for a visit to the island



Lord Alexander of Tunis last of the Commonwealth armies no known graves



Three artists doing a balancing act in a performance which is being given by the Variety Theatre of China, appearing in London for the first time at the Princes Theatre



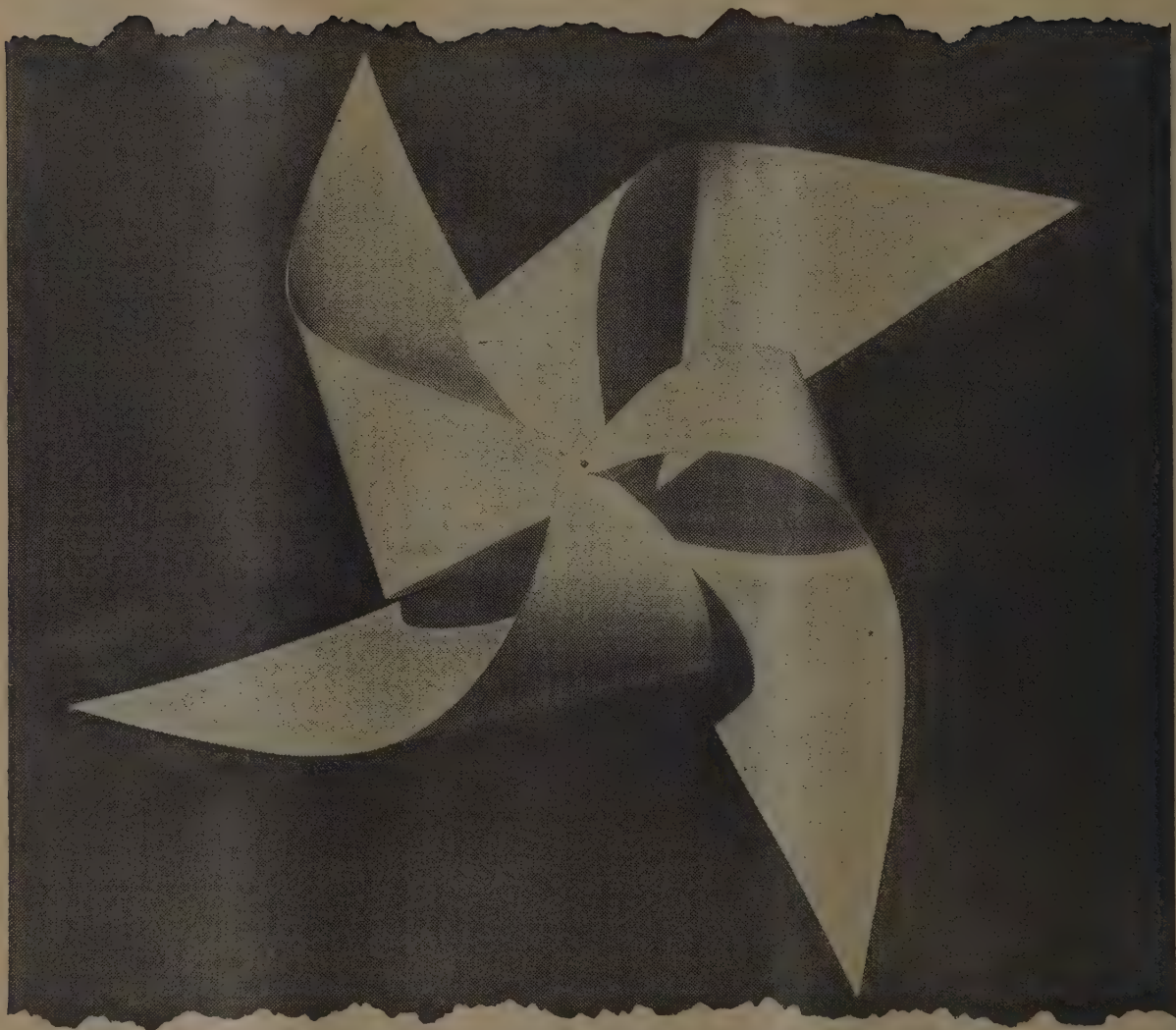
The first photograph to be released of the Mark 9 Canberra designed for high-altitude photographic reconnaissance over long distances. It has been ordered in quantity for the Royal Air Force



Right: the scene at Bournemouth on September 26 when crowds bathed and enjoyed the sunshine in what were described as 'Riviera-like conditions'







So much turns on paper—even more turns on finding exactly the right paper for each particular purpose, and *that* is one of Spicers 'many specialised functions in the world of paper. Able to look back on a hundred and fifty years' experience, Spicers have always preferred to look forward instead —by anticipating the needs of tomorrow.

*All the best\**  
**PAPERS**  
*meet at*  
**SPICERS**

\* "Best", to Spicers means any variety of paper which is the correct, expert choice for a particular purpose—printing, writing, packaging or wrapping—and represents, price for price, the highest quality. The right paper for any job can be found at Spicers—together with the long experience which will helpfully guide you to it.



# A Double Debt to Yeats

By STEPHEN SPENDER

PROFESSOR W. H. AUDEN once said to me that Yeats was a remarkable case of a poet who spent the last twenty years of his life as a major poet writing major poetry about the experience of having been a minor poet writing minor poetry in his youth. There is a lot in this. One has only to think how much of the subject matter of his later poetry is the friends, the fellow poets, the legends contained in the work of his youth, transcended, reincarnated in that of his conscious old age. The foundations of the tower are the companions and myths of his youth.

## Unanalysable Quality

To the middle-aged common reader one result of this doubling of youthful and antique roles is that the reader has also a double experience: one experience of the early Yeats for adolescence, another experience of the poems written after 1929 for one's maturity. From my own experience I can attest definitely to this double indebtedness to the minor Yeats and the major Yeats. Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen Yeats' early poetry provided me with a purer, more absolute experience of poetry than any other. I have proof of the impression they made in that, having an extremely poor reciter's memory, yet I knew all the poems of Yeats I cared for by heart. Poems like *The Falling of the Leaves*, *The Stolen Child*, and those from the volume called *The Rose*, have, beyond their perhaps too facilely analysable quality, an unanalysable one. They ravish one. Paradoxically, this quality, though unanalysable, is perhaps, after so much analytic criticism, the one most worth attempting to locate.

Barker Fairley, in a recent book, has pointed out that Heine's poetry often has for subject a song within a song. The ravishing is certainly a quality of Heine, and I think that Barker Fairley has hit on something which takes us much further than Heine. 'Come unto these yellow sands', 'Take O take those lips away That so sweetly were forsworn', these lines are also the song within the play which is also the song, the dream within the dream, and they have what I mean by ravishment. There is scarcely a poem of the early Yeats that does not have this peculiar quality as of being spoken within a dream. An example is a very famous poem, 'He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven':

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The magic of this is of the power of the dream within the dream. The poet wishes for what he has already: for when he lays his dreams under your feet he is laying the cloths of heaven down for her, which are already his dreams. It is wheel within wheel.

## Poems Written by Paintings

Visually one might describe Yeats' early poems as poems written by paintings. The history of this would be interesting to go into. A number of English painters—notably the pre-Raphaelites—painted in the mid-nineteenth century pictures dreamed by poets, most of them by Keats or by what one might term the Keatsian metaphor for Shakespeare. Towards the end of the century the process was reversed (or, it would perhaps be more just to say, the tide turned) and poets started writing the poems of paintings. Yeats had been an art student, and a distinguished painter as father, and as brother a painter whose genius runs curiously parallel to his own. Many of Yeats' lines are written with what is the Yeats family paintbrush:

Were you but lying cold and dead,  
And lights were paling out of the West,  
You would come hither, and bend your head,  
And I would lay my head on your breast.

The palette was, I suppose, at that time the family palette, with gold, grey, silver, milk-white, russet, pale blue all laid out. But it is derived from Chelsea and the members the Rosetti circle, Condor, Whistler, Dulac, and others.

When I say that Yeats' early poetry was 'literary' I do not mean that it was not unique. But Yeats, like Keats, yearned, on some level of his mind, for a poem to be a metaphor for an idea of poetry. Keats wanted his poetry to be a metaphor for his idea of a Shakespeare whom he had selected. Yeats, when he speaks of himself as a Romantic (as he frequently does) surely means that he was predisposed to create in his own poetry an image in his mind derived from Romantic poetry. It took him years to modernise his style because while doing so he had always to relate his development to the Romantic touchstone of his idea of Keats, Byron, Shelley.

In the 1933 edition of Yeats' *Collected Poems*\*, reality breaks through the dream of the early poetry—rather appropriately—for the first time on page 101, with 'No Second Troy'. Suddenly the violence belongs to the outside world, the fury and bitterness come hissing back from between the poet's teeth.

Why should I blame her that she filled my days  
With misery, or that she would of late  
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,  
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,  
Had they but courage equal to desire?

We know that the line 'the little streets upon the great' could come only out of observation and experience and never out of dreaming over some legendary battle. Suddenly, and from now on, we see that the poet's problem is no longer that of converting reality into his own dream and there reconciling himself to it through the artifice of beauty, but to go out of himself and struggle with experience invading his inner life from the outside world and make poetry out of this struggle.

## Resistance to Realism

Yet, although there were realistic elements in Yeats' make-up, it would be wrong to say that it was the conquest of his dream material by real material of life that made him a great poet. He was invaded, but his whole concept of what was the Romantic nature of poetry made him resist realism. His greatness is constructed on anything but a framework of reality—as readers of his philosophy in a book called *A Vision* will appreciate. It is based on the need to extend his unreality in order to deal with his reality. In the early poetry, the myth is simply the myth of personal dreamer, and although it contains all sorts of interesting other elements—symbolism, for example—symbols like that of the Rose are more decorative and painterly than vigorous or intellectual. It was Yeats' need to deal with an overwhelming quantity of private and public experience without losing contact with his basic Romantic conception of poetry that made him construct a system of myth so formidable that it has the characteristics of a private religion used as the spiritual schema of his poetry.

The intelligent attitude to reality is to know that there is such a thing, but not to be sure what it is. To treat most contemporary so-called realities as suspect is the only contemporary attitude which can enable one to survive the impostures of modern pseudo-reality. The seeming dilemma of the contemporary poet is that he appears forced to choose between private dreams and public nightmares. There is only one way round this dilemma, and that is to have an infallible nose for life and to defend this against the impostures of what is called public life—which is, indeed, public, but is less and less life.

Yeats' middle and late poetry is concerned not only with getting round the dilemma but also with constructing a philosophy which would contain the experience pouring in from outside. A philosophy whose purpose is, above all, to distinguish between creative and destructive forces in civilisation. To him it was clear that there was in the world of business, government, affairs, an impersonal, unvital, pretentious, destructive, gorgon face that turned creative life to stone. Politics, literature, even theatre business were all accursed:



## Join in the fun



## on a House Party

Ski-ing, skating, tailing, dancing—every minute is fun with a Cooks House Party. Our charming hostess will introduce you to new friends and make all sorts of exciting arrangements for your holiday. The low inclusive charge covers your stay at a comfortable hotel, travel to and from the resort, and the services of our hostess. Just look at these prices!

15 days' holiday, Mayrhofen (Austria) from 29 Gns. or 15 days' holiday, Kandersteg (Switzerland) for 34 Gns.

Cooks "Winter Sports" programme has scores of winter holidays all over Europe. Call or write for your free copy now.

### INITIATION PARTIES

Here is a chance for beginners to try their "ski legs". A kind but firm expert will teach them on easy slopes and they soon turn into confident skiers. Kandersteg, 15 days' holiday (including tuition and hire of equipment) 49 Gns.

## COOKS

THOS. COOK & SON LTD., Dept. H/A/Nf,  
Berkeley St., London, W.1 or branches.  
Also Dean & Dawson, Ltd.

## CITY AND GUILDS OF LONDON ART SCHOOL

124 Kennington Park Rd., London, S.E.11

### VISITORS

#### Painting:

Philip Connard,  
C.V.O., R.A., R.W.S., N.E.A.C.

#### Sculpture and Wood Carving:

John Skeaping, R.A.

#### Lettering and Engraving:

Malcolm Osborne, C.B.E., R.A., P.R.E.

### STAFF

#### Drawing and Painting:

Innes Fripp, A.R.C.A.

A. R. Middleton Todd,  
R.A., R.W.S., R.E.

Rodney J. Burn, A.R.A., N.E.A.C.

Robin Guthrie, N.E.A.C.

Charles Mahoney, A.R.C.A.

#### Modelling, Sculpture and Carving:

David McFall, A.R.A.

Sydney Harpley, A.R.C.A.

#### Wood Carving, Gesso and Gilding:

William Wheeler, A.R.C.A.

#### Lettering:

W. H. Sharpington

#### Letter Cutting in Stone, Wood & Metal,

#### Metal Engraving and Lithography:

Henry Wilkinson, A.R.E., A.R.C.A.

## DAY, EVENING AND SUNDAY CLASSES

Further particulars may be obtained from the registrar

**Take home a Remington portable from £3-18-0 \* down**

\* and 8 monthly payments of £2.19.5

It's so easy to read when typed on a Remington portable. For your choice: QUIET-RITER with Miracle Tab; LETTER-RITER without tab; TRAVEL-RITER—Remington's newest lightweight.

Hire Purchase and easy Deferred Terms are available on all these models through your local dealer.

**REMINGTON**  
wonderful portable typewriters

## SAVE YOUR SIGHT BY BETTER LIGHT—NOT MORE LIGHT

The G.V.D. SYSTEM OF LIGHTING benefits both health and pocket, since it provides the ideal type of lighting for good vision, namely, that which is glareless, shadowless and evenly distributed, and does this in the most efficient, effective and economical manner, using the minimum of equipment necessary for the purpose, for example, a few well-spaced fittings such as the one illustrated.

We neither use nor recommend fluorescent lighting, nor the high intensities of artificial light so often advocated nowadays, for surely any artificial substitute is not likely to be as good as the natural thing it replaces and it may well be more or less harmful, so why use more artificial light than is really needed for clear and comfortable vision?

One has only to look around one and observe the enormous increase in the use of spectacles in recent years—nearly everyone seems to be wearing them or to have them in their pockets—to realise the harm done by the glare of shop windows, street lighting, the underground railways and public lighting generally and what is still more alarming is the increasing number of blind persons registered annually. In view of this terrible fact, surely it behoves us to do everything in our power to avoid any possible cause of injury to eyesight.

The G.V.D. SYSTEM is applicable to every type and size of room and building and is ideal for all parts of the home and is equally suitable for offices, schools, libraries, lecture halls, restaurants, hotels, stores, churches, hospitals, laboratories, drawing offices and in fact, wherever good yet economical lighting is required.

For further particulars, please apply to:—

## G.V.D. ILLUMINATORS

29b TORRINGTON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Tele: MUSEum 1857



## MARIN

Exhibition of paintings and water-colours

## ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY

4 St. James's Square, S.W.1

OPEN TILL 20 OCTOBER

Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6.

Tues. Thurs. 10-8.

ADMISSION 1/-

## BRAQUE

An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings

## THE TATE GALLERY

OPEN TILL 11 NOVEMBER

Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6.

Tues. Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6.

ADMISSION 1/6

## 3 RECORD MONTHLIES

of permanent value to every record buyer

### RECORD REVIEW

Illustrated monthly review of classical, popular and jazz records AND Hi-Fi Equipment. 72 pp., 1/-

### THE NEW RECORDS

Monthly listings of all new records & tapes. 8/- (12 issues) post paid

### JAZZ MONTHLY

The Magazine of Intelligent Jazz Appreciation. 36 pp., 2/-

**FREE!**

For a FREE copy place a tick against the magazine that interests you most, cut out this advertisement and send with your name and address to:

FRANCIS ANTONY LTD.  
East Hill — St. Austell — Cornwall

## GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE ALPHABET

Gives the RIGHT word at a glance



Every man or woman who uses words will find this Idea and Word Chart a priceless boon. It's a godsend to a writer. It gives the word you want when you want it. It provides brilliant word-power.

Gilbert Frankau, the Famous Author said: "... the best adjunct that I have so far discovered—it is not going to leave my desk."

Send to-day for FREE specimen of the Idea and Word Chart embodied in a descriptive brochure. Enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO. LTD.  
(DEPT. L/HV13), MARPLE, CHESHIRE



## My curse on plays

That have to be set up in fifty ways,  
On the day's war with every knave and dolt,  
Theatre business, management of men.

and

Being out of heart with government  
I took a broken root to fling  
Where the proud, wayward squirrel went,  
Taking delight that he could spring;  
And he, with that low whinnying sound  
That is like laughter, sprang again  
And so to the other tree at a bound.  
Nor the tame will, nor timid brain,  
Nor heavy knitting of the brow.  
Bred that fierce tooth and cleanly limb  
And threw him up to laugh on the bough;  
No government appointed him.

The idea of a life that once flowed strongly through civilisation is now shrunken, confined, inhibited, and only realised at the full in the secret heart of the very few, occurs in many poems.

In his early poems, Yeats is both world-weary and personally weary in a *fin de siècle* sort of way. But in his later work, the closer he is to depressing circumstances the less depressive does he become. This distinguishes him sharply from a good many other poets. 'Be secret and exult' is the note of every poem in which he faces death and destruction. Although in common with the whole witnessing of modern poetry he condemns the modern world and feels the homesickness of the civilised for a Renaissance or a Byzantine one, he sees clearly what other modern poets have signally failed to see; that the faith alone of a single existence ought to outweigh a world of circumstance:

Why should I be dismayed  
Though flame had burned the whole  
World, as it were a coal,  
Now I have seen it weighed  
Against a soul?

Exultation is more than an attitude in Yeats. It is a *credo* and a principle, an aesthetic and a morality. Yeats' philosophy was a structure enlarged to contain the civilisation he imagined in his poetry: a civilisation itself only held together by imaginative genius. It is just possible to understand that philosophy: at any rate, there are critics who maintain that they understand it. But in practice the proof of the philosophy is in the later poems. It does miraculously provide these with solid, invisible, deeply dug foundations. And the reason for studying the system of *A Vision* is that to do so does help you to understand the poems.

Yeats' greatness is today widely acknowledged. This does not mean however that the position on which it rests is unchallenged. Its greatness is acknowledged but its validity is challenged precisely on the grounds that Yeats' best poetry rests on the foundations of a private esoteric system of philosophy. Today private systems of thinking are unfashionable and orthodoxy is fashionable, because it is felt that a philosophy worked out in loneliness depends entirely on the individual, and the day of isolated heroic individualism is passed. So people who

are nevertheless individualistic try to integrate their ideas into orthodoxies which are stronger and clearer than their individual ideas—though nonetheless there is the implication that the orthodoxies (at all events all but the political ones) may also be doomed.

Yeats is so often accepted, extolled and then dismissed on his solitary tower of greatness, that I want to point out that he has a quarrel with the attitude that has conventionally become modern. This attitude is that we are living in an age of declining values, that we once belonged to an organic community, that in so far as we are contemporaries we belong to doomed unprecedented circumstances; that we must accept this, and all we can do is produce works which provide a kind of lifeline to the past of a great tradition. Yeats also believed in the greatness of the past (though he had a far wider, more universal concept of historic tradition); he also recognised the contemporary catastrophe, but he did not accept the view that we could be saved only through doctorates of literature and divinity. He thought we could be saved by an act of the life which re-created for the present the whole imagined past. Putting this more prosaically, he believed that tradition was the invisible life of individuals who had digested intelligently the past and who would confront the present with it. He believed that the imagination is miraculous and not just a kind of bastard produced by a conjunction of past tradition with present historic situation.

When we read the later poems we therefore have an impression that while they are of the situation of other modern poetry, they are yet the very opposite of the current modern critical ideas. They accept the destruction of everything for the purpose of reinventing it completely. They are never depressive because depressive material and historic surroundings challenge the poet to a greater, triumphant birth. When he speaks of man, we read Yeats:

I mock Plotinus' thought  
And cry in Plato's teeth,  
Death and life were not  
Till man made up the whole,  
Made lock stock and barrel  
Out of his bitter soul,  
Aye, sun and moon and star, all,  
And further add to that  
That, being dead, we rise,  
Dream and so create  
Translunar Paradise.

He wrote 'Man made up the whole' in a context where we see him in the process of miraculously making it all before us, and, as I say, we read 'Yeats' for 'man'. But afterwards, we have to replace this with the original word 'man' again, individual man, man who is capable of creating his universe out of his imagination. Without this totally solitary, individual man, modern life is simply an accumulation of facts that prove to us the impossibility of our individual existence. Yeats is not a preacher, and very little a politician, but nevertheless he imposes on us inescapably a task—that we have to exist with our minds and bodies and imaginations—or else nothing but the governments and the dull routines and the fire and brimstone is left of our civilisation.—*Third Programme*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### China Revisited

Sir,—My 'sweeping statement' on the relative merits of the Kuomintang and the People's Government of China is based, not as Professor Forster suggests it is, on a twenty-two days' visit to China, but on thirty-five years of close association with China and study of Chinese affairs, amplified and brought up to date by a stay of twenty-two days in 1956. In revisiting China I knew precisely what to look for and was making mental comparisons between the Communist and Kuomintang régimes at every turn.

It is clear, on the other hand, that Professor Forster's own experience of the Kuomintang relates to the earlier period of that regime.

(According to *Who's Who*, his thirty years in the Far East ended in 1945, the last four years of them being spent in internment in Hong Kong.)

I do not deny that, in the earlier years at least, many men of outstanding ability and undeniable integrity were associated with the regime, including Dr. Hu Shih and Dr. Chiang Mon-lin (with both of whom I happen to have been well acquainted), nor that the regime has some achievements to its credit. As it progressively deteriorated, however, and during the war and post-war years at a greatly accelerated pace, most of the intellectuals, especially the younger ones, left the Kuomintang to work under the Communists (including, incidentally, Hu Shih's

son). My statement, however, relates to the war and post-war days of the Kuomintang, and is based on personal experience in Chungking in 1945 and in Shanghai, Nanking, etc., from May to November 1947 as well as on my recent visit. I think I am correct in saying that with respect to this latter period of sixteen decisive years Professor Forster cannot correct my impressions from his personal experience.

Professor Forster blames the effort of fighting the Japanese for the Kuomintang's failure: so does Kuomintang propaganda. But the fact, which is proved up to the hilt in a mass of authenticated evidence including the *U.S. Department of State White Paper on China*, the *Stilwell Papers*, and Lord Mountbatten's *Report*





## WHAT YOU FANCY

by *PODALIRIUS*

Marie Lloyd used to sing: "A little of wot yer fancies does yer good." Was she right?

The answer, like almost all answers to questions of this kind, is: "that depends."

Beginning with the psychological aspect, a liking for a food is certainly a great help towards digesting it. When out of sorts, we often say we "don't fancy" some food, and if we don't fancy it, it tends to disagree with us. But that is by no means the whole story.

Most animals in a state of nature fancy the food suited to their constitution, and do not suffer from eating the wrong food, only from insufficiency of the right food. The Aesculapeian snake depicted above eats a whole mouse, bird, or egg, and thrives on it, but offer him a cake, and he turns away in disgust. Domesticated animals sometimes eat unwisely; cows gorge clover, and become "blown." Instinct tells the cow that clover is good, but has not been developed to tell her that more clover is not so good, and much clover fatal. When wild cattle were getting their instincts, man had not planted fields full of clover. Man also may have a fancy for too much and too rich; we speak of the successful man as being "on clover," and my colleagues are often called in to treat the results of being on clover too long.

It is, however, easier to avoid excess than to eat a complete diet, though man probably has remaining instincts even for this. Some toddlers were offered an array of suitable foods, and allowed to help themselves as they fancied.

Any single meal taken by one child was "unbalanced," by modern dietetic ideas, but, over longer periods of a week or so, each child ate more or less what the dietitian would have recommended. These children were young enough to have unspoiled dietary "fancies," but we grown-ups have so vitiated our palates by unnatural foods that our fancies have become unreliable; they depend on our nationality, our class, our family traditions, and not on nutritional needs.

Natural foods usually contain vitamins and mineral salts in good supply, but we are surrounded by foods purified to a state of extreme incompleteness. Prisoners used to be able to live on bread and water, but such a diet will not sustain life long when the bread is modern white bread. In choosing among modern foods, we cannot depend on our fancies. We can do better, by using our brains, and listening to the advice of food scientists. And when not so inclined, we shall not do badly if we remember that the operative words of our song are not "wot yer fancies," but: "A LITTLE of wot yer fancies . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Well, Podalirius, you seem to have taken the words out of our mouth this time, and we feel half-inclined to leave our part of the column blank for once. But then, as usual, we couldn't resist labouring the point a little. . .*

The natural foods, you say, "usually contain vitamins and mineral salts in good supply." Bemax stabilized wheat germ—a truly natural food—contains not only vitamins and minerals but also much high-quality protein. It is, in fact, the richest known natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement.

Podalirius recommends us to listen to the advice of the food scientists. And they recommend us to take Bemax regularly. They know that a daily spoonful of Bemax does much to counteract the deficiencies of present-day diets.

The new chocolate-flavoured Bemax appeals to even the most unreliable of fancies. You can buy it, and plain Bemax, at any chemist.

NEW PODALIRIUS SELECTION. Write to the address below for your free copy of the second series of "The Proings of Podalirius."

Issued in the interests of the nation's health by Vitamins Ltd. (Dept. L.T.4), Upper Mall, London, W.6.



## The multitone ADAPHONE

is not only for the **DEAF**

It should enable all but the totally deaf to hear TV and Radio programmes in comfort and safety and with a clarity unobtainable when using a Hearing Aid for this purpose. It is also ideal for those with normal hearing who wish to hear the programmes without disturbing others.

• **FITS ANY MAKE OF TV OR RADIO • NO BATTERIES REQUIRED, SO USERS OF HEARING AIDS SAVE THEIR BATTERIES • ACHIEVES A NEW HIGH STANDARD IN CLARITY OF REPRODUCTION.**

M4 £4.19.0—M3 (with A.V.C. for sensitive cases of deafness) £5.15.0—M5 (with independent Loud Speaker switch for silent listening) £5.15.0. All complete with earpiece.

Ask your TV Supplier for details or send coupon.

To MULTITONE ELECTRIC CO. LTD.,  
Hearing Aid Specialists, 12-20 Underwood  
Street, London, N.1.

Please send me details of Multitone ADAPHONE and tell me where I can test it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



on the South-East Asia Command, is that General Chiang Kai-shek did not use the main part of his troops and supplies for fighting the Japanese but conserved them for the civil war he intended to fight after the United States and Britain had defeated Japan. Here are some extracts from the *Stilwell Papers*:

(Re 1944). Page 292: Kuomintang corruption, neglect, chaos, taxes, hoarding, black market, trading with the enemy... Chiang Kai-shek is confronted with an idea and it defeats him. He is bewildered by the strength of Communist influence. He can't see that the mass of the Chinese people welcome the Reds as being the only visible hope of relief from crushing taxation. Page 295: A one-party (K.M.T.) government, supported by the Gestapo and headed by an unbalanced man with little education... This government and its titular head had been built up by propaganda in America out of all proportion to his deserts and accomplishments. All through the Chinese machinery of government there are interlocking ties of interest—family, financial, political, etc. No man, no matter how efficient, can hope for a position of authority on account of being the man best qualified for the job; he simply must have other backing. To reform such a system, it must be torn to pieces...

All this, and much more, is the opinion of a man-on-the-spot in closest contact with the regime. Lord Mountbatten in his Report makes it quite clear that General Chiang failed to support him in his operations. Instead of backing up the Allied advance on Mandalay (page 133), for example, 'The Generalissimo replied that he planned to carry out a counter-offensive [against the Chinese Communists, in China] before the autumn, using fifteen divisions, later to be increased to thirty-nine'. This, mind you, was on March 8, 1945, five months before the Japanese surrender!

There is an enormous body of evidence to convict the Kuomintang of the charges I make against it, relating to both the war period and afterwards, but the three defenders of the regime cited by Professor Forster are all writing of what is, for practical purposes, ancient history. Even so, how did he come to choose them? Mr. Hallett Abend, an American journalist, Mr. Roy Howard, Chairman of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers (if we are speaking of the same Mr. Roy Howard, and I have only heard of one), and Sir Andrew Caldecott, a pre-war Governor of Hong Kong, speaking after a visit to Canton in 1936! (I happen to have met all three, and to have been in close personal association with the first and last named). Numerous quotations from Mr. Abend in other contexts would expose the fickleness and unreliability of his views in general; Mr. Roy Howard's entry in *Who's Who in America* does not give a single reference to his contacts with China, and I very much doubt whether he would claim in any sense to be an 'authority on China'; Sir Andrew Caldecott's life experience (as I happen to know) was in Malaya and it was only in his latter years that he went to Hong Kong as Governor, and I am certain that he would not have regarded himself as any sort of authority on China. As Governor of Hong Kong, however, it was his job to speak well of the *de facto* Chinese regime. But I have no need to contest the evidence relating to 1936 and before: it is enough for me to show that the last ten years of the Kuomintang warrant my description.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

Sir,—In 'China Revisited' (THE LISTENER, September 20) Dr. Purcell states as a fact that the People's Republic of China is 'less oppressive both to soul and body than was the Kuomintang'. Perhaps I have no right to dispute this statement, as I never saw China under the K.M.T.; and perhaps I am prejudiced, as my experience of the People's Republic has been

limited to four-and-a-half years in gaol for crimes that I did not commit (espionage and the murder of a Tibetan incarnate lama). Yet, as my captors continually pointed out, the prison for counter-revolutionaries in Chungking was not a punishment centre but rather a hospital for sick minds, and they called the treatment 'thought reform'; and when I had been mentally battered into making what they called progress, I had to participate in group discussions and criticism and self-criticism meetings that did not differ from these held regularly in every town and village of New China. If Dr. Purcell had been compelled to take an active part in one of these meetings—as all Chinese are compelled—he would soon have learnt that the individual is not allowed the luxury of a soul. Many of my fellow-prisoners (who were almost all Chinese) were under treatment simply because they had failed to realise this, and the oppression was indescribable. In the light of this, while the present regime may be the most stable, I can hardly agree that it is the most popular in China since the Revolution.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

R. W. FORD

### 'The Decline of American Liberalism'

Sir,—Please permit an American liberal to reply to the attack expressed in Professor Ekirch's *The Decline of American Liberalism*, reviewed in THE LISTENER of August 30. Professor Ekirch assumes that liberalism should be frozen in the mould of the views of Thomas Jefferson. But Jefferson repeatedly emphasised the need for change, and again and again changed his own views during his long life. In Jefferson's day it was the duty of liberals to be suspicious of government; for governments were generally controlled, as Jefferson repeatedly warns, by men who had only the interests of the upper class at heart. Today, the 'little people' are more and more coming into control of government. Hence the liberal now finds it practical to use government as the 'welfare state'; to restrain the predatory and the parasitic elements in society, and to promote the interests of these little people.

It is the conservative of today who clamours for less government, in terms much like those of Jefferson, since he finds himself no longer in control. He is the same conservative who in Jefferson's time followed the lead of Alexander Hamilton in advocating a strong federal government, one that could protect his creditor interest by establishing the U.S. National Bank, by having the federal government assume the debts of the States, and that established a protective tariff to help the manufacturers of New England. This Hamilton did because he believed in advancing the interests of the wealthy and well-born who in his time expected to remain in control of the federal government.

For the liberal of today to advocate the principles suggested by Professor Ekirch would be to play directly into the hands of the conservatives who have abandoned the principles of Hamilton, to espouse the suspicions of Jefferson with respect to a strong government.

Professor Ekirch mistakes the post-war intolerance that produced McCarthyism for a general trend. Every great war results in a period of fatigue and of fear in which intolerance gains a temporary foothold. But that intolerance, strongest among conservatives, not among liberals, is rapidly retreating as our people regain their confidence and their strength. The kind of 'individual freedom' for which Professor Ekirch pleads is in reality a plea for an uncontrolled opportunity for the strong to plunder the weak. This has never been the aim of American liberals.—Yours, etc.,

Spokane

BENJAMIN H. KIZER

### Letter to a Young Composer

Sir,—I would like to say two things in reply to Mr. Wheeler's letter accusing me of 'grave injustice' in dealing with Schönberg:

(1) Public analysis by the composer is propaganda for the composer's method. He is under no obligation to do so, for musical logic is *musical* logic, and if a composer is continually developing he can never at any particular point commit himself to a definite attitude.

(2) Schönberg may have 'refused to teach twelve-tone technique to his pupils': but what can be added to show a wide variety of styles in the music of the latter?

I have the greatest respect for Schönberg's courage and individual thinking, and I was at pains to say in my letter that my *only* quarrel with him was that he was a systematiser. This surely is no 'grave injustice'.

Yours, etc.,

Speen

EDMUND RUBBRA

### Plain Living and High Thinking

Sir,—In my talk I said that no Wordsworth 'of the present generation' is a clergyman. Cousin Francesca Garforth's letter (THE LISTENER, September 27) prompts me to a double apology. If 'the present generation' is my own—i.e., the fourth from the poet's family—my statement was nonsense because my first cousin William Wordsworth is a clergyman. And of course I know that my first cousin and godfather, Chris Leake, is a clergyman and the brother of three others. May I say in apology that one's godfather seems like an older generation, and that the time factor forced me into the absurdity of talking about our family entirely in terms of the male line.

Yours, etc.,

Blandford

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

### 'Growth of Responsible Government'

Sir,—In the review of my book on *The Growth of Responsible Government* in THE LISTENER of September 27 some curiosity is expressed about the identity of three new Privy Councillors created by James II at the end of his reign in hopes of conciliating public opinion. I found this a little surprising, not only because the reference is so incidental, and the new appointments themselves so ephemeral and nugatory, that I did not consider it worth burdening the page with three more names, but also because the answer is given in a footnote on the same page, which refers the reader to Lodge's volume in Longman's *Political History*—still, I take it, a standard work of reference even if a little outdated. And not even that much research is needed to counter the strange suggestion that one of them must have been Jeffreys, who had been admitted to the Council at the end of the preceding reign, and was in any case hardly the sort of person whose name, by this time, would be likely to foster public confidence.—Yours, etc.,

Bangor

A. H. DODD

### The Dead Sea Scrolls

Sir,—I am sorry to have interred prematurely that distinguished *doyen* of Semitic scholars, Professor C. C. Torrey, I am obliged to your correspondent for his correction.

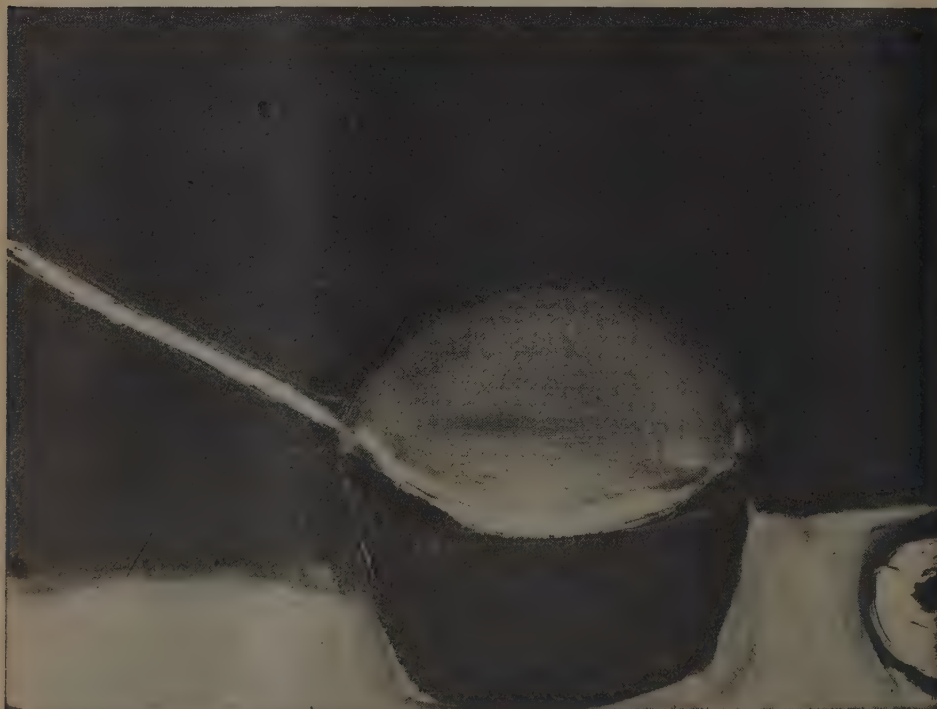
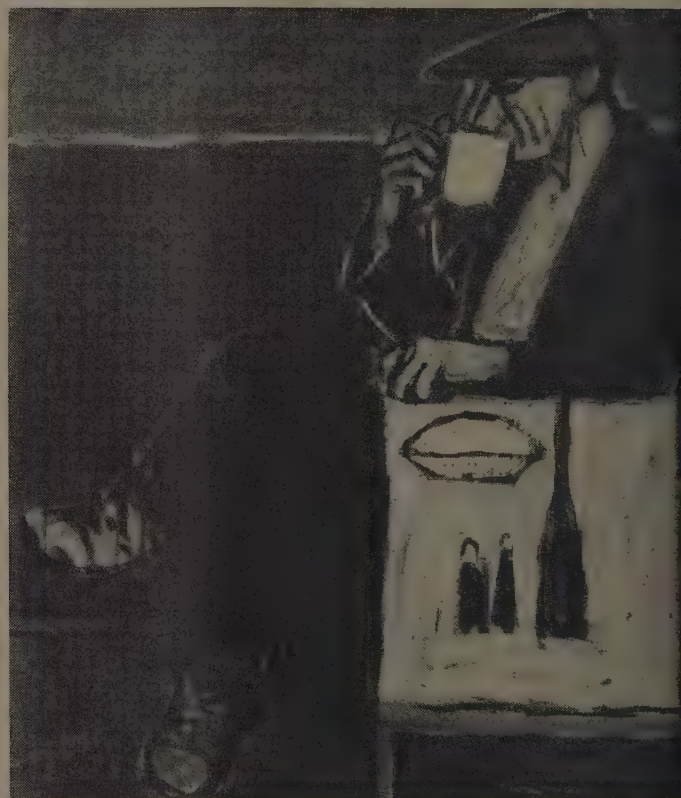
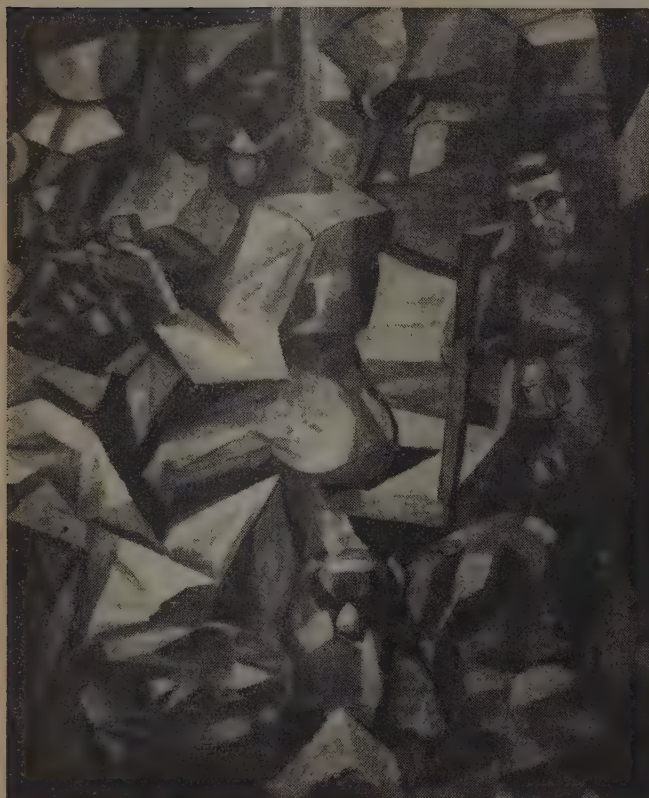
It is refreshing to learn that Professor Torrey, who has reached the ripe age of ninety-two, is still busy writing books. May I, as amends for my carelessness, wish him, in the words of the Hebrew formula, '*adh me'ah ve-esrim shanah* (*Anglicé*, 'until one hundred and twenty years')?'

Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER



## Three London Art Exhibitions



Above, left: 'La Cuisine',  
from the exhibition of  
paintings by Albert Gleizes  
(1881 - 1953) at Marl-  
borough Fine Art Ltd.

Above: 'Tea Drinker',  
from the exhibition of  
paintings by Marek Zulaw-  
ski at Zwemmer's

Left: 'Black Saucepan',  
from the exhibition of  
paintings, sculpture and  
drawings by William  
Scott at the Hanover  
Gallery



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## New Lives for Old. By Margaret Mead. Gollancz. 25s.

DURING THE FIRST HALF of the century our views about the nature of man were transformed by an increasing awareness of the influence of culture on the development of the personality. One of the foremost agents of this change was Margaret Mead with her two studies of the Samoans and the Manus. Having, as one might say, been 'brought up in New Guinea' and come of age in Samoa, we have often wondered what happened to these tiny communities when war swept across the Pacific. In 1953 Dr. Mead went back to the Manus, who live in the Admiralty Islands, to find out. This is her report.

The Manus, it may be remembered, lived in houses built over the water. The children were carefully trained to manipulate objects and to be sure-footed in what we would consider a dangerous environment. The boys were brought up to be independent, defiant, and carefree, until the dreaded day of marriage loomed near. Then they were caught up in the ghost-ridden adult world where property was the greatest value, where men were separated from each other by economic rivalry and social prejudice (lagoon people against land people, village against village, aristocrat against commoner, husband against wife), where no one was free to choose his own course. They hated it. This early training in handling objects, however, together with their love of independence and their detestation of the burdens of adult life, prepared them for the New Way. Two other circumstances were required for its inauguration: a leader of intelligence and forcefulness, and the spectacle of men whose technology they admired and sought to understand, and whose general friendliness among themselves and to other people showed that human relations need not be based on envy, hatred, and malice. The former was supplied in the person of Piliu, a man of genius who had already called into question the old way of life before the war. The pattern of human relations was supplied by the American Army, who passed through the Admiralty Islands in their thousands. Never had the Manus seen such marvels of technical skill, never had they been treated so decently by white men, and never had they witnessed so many people living in harmony among themselves.

The ideas of Piliu caught on. Men who had been separated from their people for longer than usual, and who had the chance of comparing their ways of life with the one that would be in store for themselves, were determined to change everything. No more ghosts, no more arranged marriages, no more bickering and reviling, no more selfish grasping; instead, a religion of brotherhood, co-operation for the good of all, and freedom to be on friendly terms with one's rivals.

This happy ending was not reached without difficulty, nor is it certain that it will survive. It was very nearly wrecked by the 'cargo cult', then, under the influence of crazy prophets, they threw all their possessions into the sea and waited for a magic cargo to arrive, full of all they required. Ships were reported on their way, men fell into trances and tremblings, but it assed and sobriety returned. And that was not all. The Administration of the Territory in which all this is going on was not particularly helpful. It seems to have tried to weaken Piliu's influence by dividing the area over which he sought to establish his regime into two parts, thus separating him from his most competent followers. It dabbled over giving the Manus their Council, so that the unofficial 'councillors'

did not know how they stood, and the unofficial meetings could come to no effective decisions.

However, all may be well, and if it is it will present one of the most singular case histories of social change. One lesson drawn by Dr. Mead, in her fascinating description of the triumphs and strains of the New Way, is that anthropologists may have been wrong in advising that all change ought to be piecemeal and slow. Here we have 'a people who have moved in fifty years from darkest savagery to the twentieth century'. In some cases, at any rate, change should be root and branch; any distinctive remnant of the Old Way prejudices the establishment of the New.

## The Victorian Theatre: a Survey

By George Rowell. Oxford. 25s.

This is a clearly written and concisely informative account of the British theatre during the nineteenth century. The book includes a select list of plays and playwrights from Sheridan to Maugham, together with a bibliography of works about the stage and the performers of that period. To cover a century of dramatic activity in 150 pages is something of a feat, and the author knows what is significant and what is trivial in his history: for example, he recognises the value of the contribution to scenic reform made by Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Olympic theatre in the first half of the century, and the revolutionary work of Tom Robertson and the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales' in the second half.

Nowadays it is generally forgotten that the acting, scenery, and plays of the pre-Robertson epoch underwent a complete transformation after the production of the Bancroft 'cup-and-saucer' comedies, which incidentally turned the stage into a respectable profession and created a new type of audience. No such radical change has occurred in the history of the English theatre, and when 'Caste' was recently revived few playgoers could have realised that this charmingly innocuous period piece had completely altered the course of the national drama, the drawing-room comedy gradually superseding the artificial melodrama, the natural actor by degrees supplanting the barnstormer. The genius of Henry Irving prevented the reform from being clearly apparent for nearly a generation, because he continued to revive the old English and French melodramas, but what may be termed the 'natural' drama came into its own in the 'nineties, and with many variations has held the stage ever since.

There are very few errors and oversights in Mr. Rowell's admirable survey. Perhaps he should have paid more attention to the curious outbreak of blank verse from the pen of W. S. Gilbert in the 'seventies. Today it is almost impossible to understand how his 'Pygmalion and Galatea' or 'The Palace of Truth' or 'Broken Hearts' could have pleased audiences that had but lately been smiling through their tears at the homely comedies of Robertson. Yet largely on the strength of those factitious works Gilbert was accepted as London's leading dramatist between Robertson's 'Caste' (1867) and Pinero's 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' (1893).

Mr. Rowell's misstatement that Tree built Her Majesty's Theatre out of the profits of 'Trilby' is excusable because it has so frequently been made. But the fact is that Tree had bought the site, arranged for the building and raised a good deal of the capital from investors before the production of 'Trilby', some of the profits from which he invested in the new theatre. It is also not true that Tree cut

Shakespeare's plays more savagely than Irving. On the contrary, Bernard Shaw complimented him on sticking to the text far more closely than Irving or Daly had done and on performing the plays mainly as Shakespeare had written them. The only other mistake obvious to one reader is Mr. Rowell's remark that during the 1914-18 war 'the actor-managers were striking their flags on all sides'. This was not so. Forbes-Robertson had retired from the stage before the war; Tree put on Shakespeare and Dickens early in the war; Arthur Bourchier had a season at His Majesty's in 1916, followed by Martin Harvey, in several of Shakespeare's plays; George Alexander kept the St. James's going until his last illness; H. B. Irving did the same at the Savoy; while Dennis Eadie and Gerald Du Maurier scored wartime successes. Lewis Waller, Tree, and Alexander died during the conflict, H. B. Irving shortly afterwards, their flags flying until they dropped.

## The Civil Service in Britain and France

By Professor W. A. Robson.

Hogarth Press. 21s.

### Servant of the County

By Margaret Cole. Dobson. 15s.

*The Civil Service in Britain and France* is a collection of essays, most of which originally appeared in a special (1954) number of the *Political Quarterly*. The title is something of a misnomer since only two of the fourteen essays deal with France. Among the academic contributors, Mr. Greaves writes a lucidly critical account of the 'Structure of the Civil Service', while Mr. Kelsall, in his 'Social Background of the Higher Civil Service', concisely summarises the findings of the monograph he has recently published on this theme. Earl Attlee, one of the three politicians to contribute, writes on 'Civil Servants, Ministers, Parliament, and Public'. As always he has a delightfully dry wit: and as always, he gives very little away. Mr. Ernest Davies' contribution is piquant; it shows how favourable an impression the Foreign Office can make on a formerly rather left-of-centre M.P., after he has been Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Perhaps the most useful essays come from Sir John Woods and Sir Thomas Padmore, on 'Treasury Control' and 'Civil Service Establishments and the Treasury' respectively. Their papers are concise and informative and in their short compass they do raise (even if only to reject) some fundamental criticisms of Treasury control.

An attentive reader will very soon twig that in and out of these rather sedate pages a sly debate is flickering—a kind of disputational peek-a-boo—with the academics on one side (pushing) and the civil servants on the other (stalling). For instance, Sir Laurence Helsby, who is the First Civil Service Commissioner, seems satisfied with the Selection Board method of recruitment, but later on this method is attacked by Professor Robson who thinks it too superficial. Again, Mr. Greaves would clearly like to take civil service functions from the Treasury and vest them in a special Machinery of Government Department under the Prime Minister: Sir John Woods, who was till recently the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, firmly rejects this plan. Messrs. Robson and Greaves also share doubts about making civil servants completely interchangeable between departments: but when the reader reaches Sir Thomas Padmore's contribution, he will find the practice cogently and persuasively defended.



NOW COMPLETE *The family Encyclopaedia for all ages* \*

# Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia

This 'simply written, lavishly illustrated and highly intelligent Encyclopaedia'—to quote the *EVENING STANDARD*—is now complete. Young people learn from it with real enjoyment, parents use it with profit. Each volume is self-contained and may be bought separately.

VOLUME I. MANKIND II. NATURAL HISTORY III. THE UNIVERSE  
IV. COMMUNICATIONS V. GREAT LIVES VI. FARMING & FISHERIES  
VII. INDUSTRY & COMMERCE VIII. ENGINEERING IX. RECREATIONS  
X. LAW & ORDER XI. THE HOME XII. THE ARTS

Volumes I to XII 35s. net each

Published Today: INDEX AND READY-REFERENCE VOLUME 30s. net

Reduced price for set of 13 volumes £21 net

With specially designed bookshelf £22. 10s. net

These books are new and up to date; every article is by an expert.  
Nearly one third of the total space is devoted to pictures.

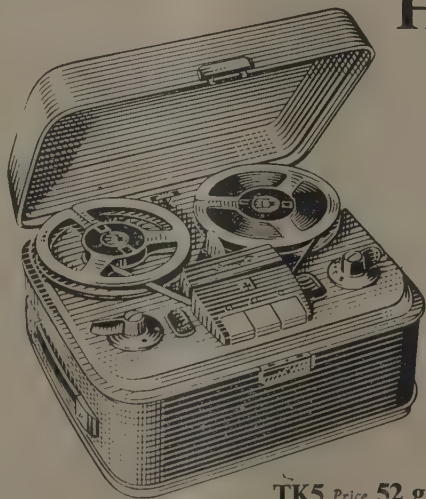
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Amen House • Warwick Square • London E.C.4

'... certainly the best reference book for young people now available and it would not be difficult to make out a case for its being the best for their parents as well.'

THE LISTENER

Write for NEW eight-page illustrated prospectus



TK5 Price 52 gns.  
including microphone

## HOW MUCH... is a memory worth?

What price could you put against the most pleasant of your personal memories? The dance tune that reminds you of your courting days, the songs they sang—and the way they sang them—when you were eighteen and all set to put the world to rights.

And what of your more recent memories? The day your youngster made a first attempt at conversation, the celebration you had at home when you got your first real promotion, the party you had when your wife won that (very small) dividend on the Pools.

Wonderful occasions, wonderful memories; some of them quite recent and yet already fading—there's the pity of it.

That's why owning a Grundig tape recorder is such an asset. Memories never fade with a Grundig. They're yours for as long as you want to keep them. There is a Grundig model designed to meet your specific need.

**GRUNDIG**

MIRROR TO A MILLION MEMORIES

GRUNDIG (Great Britain) LIMITED. DEPT. L.6 Advertising & Showrooms: 39/41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1  
Sales Dept. & Works: KIDBROOKE PARK ROAD, LONDON, S.E.3

WRITE NOW FOR A COPY  
OF FREE FOLDER OF THE  
GRUNDIG TK5

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Company Limited)



Similar divergences appear on the question of post entry training (a very sore point with academics). Sir Laurence Helsby's view is rather bland; but that of Messrs. Robson and Greaves expresses bristling dissatisfaction.

Very few people are called on to 'administer' and the civil service's processes are singularly landestine. Consequently those inside the service fail to communicate the problems they have to deal with to the public, and the public, for its part, can draw on no personal experiences from which to frame appropriate criticisms. *The Civil Service in Britain and France* does nothing to bridge this particular gap. It is written as if it were 'from the outside'. It deals largely in abstractions, and indeed, assumes a fair knowledge of what the civil service is and does. This approach is for specialists, unless read in conjunction with descriptions of administration from within, like Dunnill's *Civil Service—the Human Aspects* or Mr. Munro's *Fountains in Trafalgar Square*.

A similar criticism attaches, perhaps more forcibly, to most books on local administration which is only too often treated as a legal catalogue of powers and duties, or exercises in the esoteric, such as 'the problem of areas', or central-local relationships'. Not so Mrs. Cole's book *Servant of the County*. As she says 'It is a book for those who want to know what it is like to be a councillor, what Councils are really supposed to be doing and how, in practice, they get it done (or leave it undone), and who find that this is exactly what "prescribed reading" cannot tell them'. This exceedingly readable, lively and perceptive book does all of this and even more. One gathers from it, vividly, how a Committee acts in practice; what a session of the full Council is like; what chairmen do, and how they do it. As befits an alderman, Mrs. Cole has a clear notion of the limitations imposed by the party system, by constituents and special interest groups and by the pressure of adjacent local authorities. Nobody could read her book without enjoyment, and anybody who as read it will have had the best account of a council at work since Simon's classic, *A City Council from Within*, was published thirty years ago. It is greatly to be hoped that Mrs. Cole's example will prompt some academically minded councillor to write a similar volume about a council in the provinces. The L.C.C. is a unique and anomalous council, and its powers, duties and practices often differ sharply from the general run of local authorities in the provinces. Even so, there is enough similarity to make this book essential preliminary reading to any text book or history on the subject of local government.

## Old Fourlegs

### The Story of the Coelacanth.

By J. L. B. Smith. Longmans. 21s.

The coelacanth, which has twice been a nine days' wonder, once before the war and once afterwards, is a type of fish that is well known from fossils but was thought to have been extinct for many million years. The excitement when a living one was discovered is understandable, but the sensationalism fostered by responsible people was unforgivable. Popular misconceptions about it were deliberately encouraged—that the individuals caught were millions of years old, or that the fish is a missing link. It is no more, nor less, like what man beings or any other mammals used to be, nor are newts, worms, or jelly fish. Finding a living coelacanth fish was as exciting as it would be to find a living pterodactyl or plesiosaur, but there are plenty of other 'living fossils', for example the Australian lung fish or innumerable species of invertebrates. Several coelacanths have now been caught and scientifically ex-

amined, and one has even been kept alive in captivity for some hours.

Professor Smith received a letter during the Christmas holidays of 1938, telling of a queer fish landed at East London, and enclosing a rough sketch. It was he who recognised it as something very unusual, and guessed that it might be a coelacanth. Inspection of the mangled remains proved him right, and news of the discovery raised great interest in scientific circles. The war soon eclipsed such matters, but Professor Smith continued to hunt for another coelacanth and distributed hundreds of leaflets along the East African seaboard offering a reward for a specimen. At last, in December 1952, another was caught in the Comoro Islands off Madagascar, and Professor Smith persuaded Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister of South Africa, to send him in an aeroplane to snatch it from under the noses of the French. Professor Smith deserves all praise for recognising the first specimen, and for his perseverance in hunting for others and successfully locating the second.

But the book telling all this is a bombastic account of Professor Smith rather than a story about the coelacanth. It makes embarrassing reading.

## Form and Meaning in Drama

By H. D. F. Kitto.

### Greek Theatre Production

By T. B. L. Webster.

Both Methuen. 30s. and 25s. respectively.

Professor Kitto, like the Greeks themselves about whom he has written so well, has a way of appearing to be saying something obvious when in fact he is being most novel and illuminating. He will enter upon some fascinating piece of critical analysis with the introduction of a modest statement such as 'It sometimes helps the critic, if he will assume that the dramatist really knew what he was doing'. This is an assumption which he makes himself and he clearly shows that it is a rewarding one, rare though it may be among critics. In his new study of the drama he discusses the Orestes trilogy, three plays of Sophocles, and then 'Hamlet'. There are also chapters on his own conception of religious drama and on the Greek and Elizabethan dramatic forms.

Professor Kitto's belief is that form and meaning in great works of art are inseparable. With this belief to guide him, and always with the assumption that the dramatist probably knows what he is about, he shows most convincingly that many, if not all, of the notorious 'difficulties' are of the critics' own making. These plays are better and simpler than many critics have encouraged us to believe; and many of the questions asked so searchingly by the critics are questions in which neither the dramatist nor his audience was ever interested. We, for instance, have our own ideas about what a 'god' is or ought to be, and we tend to be surprised when we find that our own ideas do not quite fit in with what is said by Aeschylus or by Sophocles. We are puzzled by the behaviour of Apollo in Sophocles' 'Electra' (surely one is nearly always puzzled by Apollo) and, as Professor Kitto reminds us, we ask ourselves 'Is this Apollo a god or a devil?' The right answer of course is given by Professor Kitto: 'He is neither, he is a *θεός*, and in Sophocles this may mean that he is something which resembles a law of nature rather than what we think of as a god.'

But Professor Kitto does more than merely clear up certain difficulties of interpretation. His whole theory of drama is coherent and in expressing it he has made a most serious and admirable contribution to criticism. The long

chapter on 'Hamlet' is too closely argued to allow of anything in the nature of a summary. It shows clearly enough, however, that the same critical principles which have proved so illuminating in the discussion of Greek tragedy can be applied most successfully to the different tragedy of Shakespeare which is also, in its own way, 'religious'. Professor Kitto writes not only with inspired common sense but with a modest and inspired charm. His book will interest all who are interested in literature, whether they know Greek or not.

Professor Webster's study of Greek theatre production, though primarily a book for the specialist and certainly a book which every specialist will want to have, is also full of interest for the general reader. The treatment of costumes, including masks, is particularly full and illuminating; though it would be unfair to single out any one aspect of this excellent study which deals equally thoroughly with the structure of the theatres, the scenery and modes of production at different times and in all areas of the Greek world.

## The Hospital Is My Home

By Dr. S. R. Cutolo. Gollancz. 18s.

This is the story of Bellevue Hospital, New York, told by its Deputy Medical Superintendent. America does everything on a grand scale and Bellevue is one of the biggest, if not the biggest, institutions of its kind in the world. It has its own church, cinema, lending libraries, children's school, and uniformed policeman, and once a year it produces its own circus and rodeo. It is visited by 1,000 physicians, has a house staff of 459 internes and resident doctors and is served by some 1,400 nurses. Institutions which have reached such dimensions as these usually suffer from the fault that they have become completely dehumanised, which is a grave disadvantage to a hospital. But the author assures us that this has not happened to Bellevue, and he writes of his home with such affection and conjures up so strong a feeling of service that one cannot but believe him. Bellevue Hospital is said never to refuse admission to anyone who is in need, however hopeless his or her illness may be, with the result that so many desperate cases are accepted that twenty per cent of all its admissions die within forty-eight hours of their arrival.

A hospital of this size and wealth is superbly equipped and this allows of the most modern forms of treatment being carried out in it. To the reviewer the most interesting chapters in this book were those in which descriptions are given of operations and treatments which can only be undertaken in very well equipped hospitals. Dr. Cutolo is a clear and competent writer as well as a good physician, and those who enjoy reading about the marvels of modern medicine and surgery will find much to interest them in this panegyric of Bellevue Hospital.

## Russia Without Stalin. By Edward

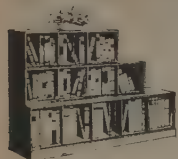
Crankshaw. Michael Joseph. 18s.

Unlike most commentators on the Soviet scene, Mr. Crankshaw is not really interested in communism; but he has an immense liking for the Russian people, and his book is, in effect, a study of what is happening to them now that the petrified mould of the Stalin ice age has been shattered. He is well equipped for the job, having spent a good part of the war in the U.S.S.R., and visited the country in the early post-war years.

No reader of decided and consistent opinions of his own will be satisfied, for if the outside observer is puzzled about Soviet affairs, this, according to Mr. Crankshaw, is only a reflection of the confusions and hesitations inside the country. His book, he says, offers a picture, not



## Phoenix



It's  
the  
range

UNDX Sectional Bookcase

When you need a bookcase remember the PHOENIX name. Here you have the range: cases sectional or self-contained; with or without glass; with compartments for records, magazines, reference and outsize books; cases with built-in cupboards. You have also long experience and a cabinet-made job from a firm with its own works. Since we supply direct from the bench you pay reasonable prices, too.

The Reader's Bookcase



Right: Phoenix-plus 3-shelf, glass-fronted case with roomy cupboard. Choice of timber and finish.

Coupon or a card brings our 24-page catalogue, brim-full of ideas for furnishing. If you like, walk in and look at Phoenix bookcases at Charing Cross.



POST NOW!

To THE PHOENIX BOOKCASE GALLERY  
Proprietors: Phoenix House Ltd.

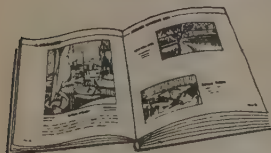
(Dept. G), 36a St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without obligation, please send me your  
24 page Bookcase Catalogue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## LATEST EDITION NOW READY



The pick of  
the pictures

FROST & REED'S

NEW

HOMEOVERS'  
BOOK OF FINE PICTURES

300 pages (200 in full colour) lavishly illustrating the work of popular and well-known artists—full of interest and delight.

Price 12/6 (post 1/6 extra) including FREE voucher worth 3/6 on purchase of print worth 31/6 or more. Offer closes 31st March, 1957.

Get your copy today from any good  
print seller or the publishers.

FROST & REED LIMITED  
23, CLARE STREET BRISTOL, 1

## Shell County Guides

EDITED BY JOHN BETJEMAN

Concise, apposite, informative, and generously illustrated with prints, photographs, maps and drawings intelligently chosen, these guides are all that may be expected from so distinguished an editor—and a necessity for any tourist really interested in the places he is visiting.

Shropshire

JOHN PIPER & JOHN BETJEMAN

Oxfordshire

JOHN PIPER

Gloucestershire

ANTHONY WEST & DAVID VEREY

Devon

BRIAN WATSON

Northumberland

THOMAS SHARP

Herefordshire

DAVID VEREY

The West Coast of Scotland

STEPHEN BONE

Pocket Pilot for the South Coast

K. ADLARD COLES

Wiltshire

THE LATE ROBERT BYRON &  
DAVID VEREY

IN PREPARATION

Norfolk

WILHELMINE HARROD & THE REV. C. F. L. LINNELL

from all booksellers at 12/6 each

PUBLISHED BY FABER AND FABER LTD

## Dual Purpose

You may know quite a lot about banking services, but when you read "What a Bank Does" it is possible you will find there are some things you have barely remembered or even completely forgotten. The booklet is really a comprehensive refresher course for those who know and an interesting non-technical introduction for those who don't. Ask for a free copy at any branch.

DISTRICT BANK  
LIMITED

Head Office: Spring Gardens, Manchester, 2.  
Principal London Office: 75, Cornhill, E.C.3.

Broadcast by the BBC on 29th September

## The Pacifists

A PARABLE IN A FARCE

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES

With an introduction on the author, his place in the theatre, and his relations with George Bernard Shaw; and a note on the acting of the play. Edited by Sidney Heaven.

THE ONLY EDITION AVAILABLE

published by BLACKIE at 5/6

Order from your Bookseller

how  
to write...

Each month, THE WRITER publishes new helpful articles specially designed to achieve one aim—to enable you to increase your income by writing. Benefit then from the knowledge and experience of experts in every field of saleable writing. Increase your income by learning how to write effectively... for magazines and newspapers, for book publishers, for radio and TV.

FREE Send now for free folder, "What's in It for You!"

THE WRITER  
124, NEW BOND STREET,  
LONDON, W.1

Write after reading  
The Writer—  
and sell!

...AND SELL!



an argument; it would be fairer to call it a sketchbook, and the sketches are uneven in quality. The earlier ones have a tentative and disjointed look, as though he were himself uncertain about what he was trying to portray, and in making them he has perhaps laid himself open to some misunderstanding. It is rather petulant, if not downright silly, to talk of 'the sub-species of economist which really believes that impersonal statistics have a meaning'; and it is at the least naïve—given the known operations of Soviet justice over the last twenty-five years—to suggest that the reason why speculators have not been prosecuted is that their offence did not fit precisely into the criminal code of the R.S.F.S.R. But this lopsidedness in the angle of vision is, more than compensated by

the brilliant chapter on 'The Young Idea'—happily the longest in the book—and the one on the literary scene.

The Soviet press has been paying a great deal of attention recently to 'disoriented youth', from the Russian equivalent of teddy-boys to juvenile delinquents. Mr. Crankshaw argues that they are a product of the system, and suggests two root causes: that civilised living conditions have been sacrificed to the claims of heavy industry, and that the forced imposition of a total orthodoxy has stifled mental and spiritual life. His argument carries conviction, and reminds us that Mr. Crankshaw is primarily a novelist, more at home with people than with politics. It would be interesting to have his comments on the disorientation of the young nearer home.

The operation of the thaw in the literary world (if for nothing else, Mr. Ilya Ehrenberg will go down in history as the man whose novel gave the name to a period of Soviet history) has been recorded in a number of essays and articles; here it is described with great knowledge, sympathy, and wit ('the sins of the party are visited on its victims'), although Mr. Crankshaw is uncertain about the future. Nobody, he says, can foretell what shape Soviet society will assume when the present ferment subsides, or what new policies will emerge; but he is convinced that the country offers a hopeful future to its citizens, and that even those who were both the accomplices and the beneficiaries of the reign of terror must, if they are to retain power, move with the times.

## Happy Choice

From the Third Programme. A Ten Years' Anthology. Edited by John Morris. Nonesuch. 21s.

READING through this eminently readable selection, one wonders how its contributions would have gone down on the other two programmes. Some might, I suppose, have had a rough passage on the Light. I believe it is a fact that the lower the brow the more truculent the rejection of unwanted fare. I do not know how many angry letters the Third gets; but its listeners are more likely, if they dislike a programme, to switch off and read a good book or put on a good record. If Light Programme-listeners were subjected to the Third, what slings and arrows would hurtle, by post and telephone, to Portland Place! Fear of these intimidating armed tribes caused, as Sir Harold Nicolson once pointed out, the B.B.C. to be over-conciliatory, to coat its pills with sugar. The Third resolved never to do this. It should, the Director-General decided, arouse, not muffle, controversy, it should give people the best from all over the world, it should be difficult, it should even sometimes be dull, it should not keep to time.

Fortunately this last notion was soon dropped, it was most annoying and inconvenient. The other intentions have been realised, except the controversy which has, on the whole, been too nuffed and too scarce; they do it better on the Home. But otherwise the Third is a remarkable achievement. From ten years of it Mr. John Morris, its present head, has selected twenty-six contributions, and made of them a charming miscellany. The adjective is deliberate, and I hope will not annoy those contributors who despise it. Some few of them can, if they please, contract out of it.

There are several contributions which would not, I think, annoy Home or even Light listeners; they too would shudder and thrill at James Kirkup's horrific verse excursion into the Mendip caves. A perilous horrid journey, rewarded by translucent forests and arcades of talactites, described *à merveille*. Still, 'I'll go a more a-caving, with that cave crew . . .'. I should think not, indeed. Nor would William Plomer's bland poetic recall of the macabre misadventure of a Dean of Westminster at a fashionable dinner party just a century ago fail, at any level, to please. These rhymed annals of English nineteenth-century high life, in which Mr. Plomer specialises, might well be brought up to date. Would non-Third listeners enjoy Arthur Waley's Dreams in China? Very probably, for the more primitive people are, the other they get on dreams, and this is more than ever so since Freud gave them such peculiar and delightful meanings. I suspect too that P. H. Lewby on children in literature would go well

anywhere. And I cannot but think that Stevie Smith's characteristic recall of the suburb of her childhood, one of the most witty and engaging things in the book, would also go well anywhere. And, surely, Laura Bohannon's attempt to tell the story of Hamlet to an African tribe.

What about two speakers who are each in a class by himself—Max, and E. M. Forster? Max described meetings with Yeats, and, whether one knew about Yeats or not, one would be beguiled and held by that gentle, tired, experienced voice and that pervasive shimmer of ironic humour: it is an ideal Home Service programme. E. M. Forster, too. True, he spoke about Wagner at the Beyreuth Festival, but he has the perfect broadcasting voice and manner, a civilised, Bloomsbury voice, a casual, talking manner, as if he were telling us about it in a small room, and this pleases us all, even if we miss the delicate precision of the descriptions, the perception, and the almost unique power of creating a glorious cosmic scene, both on the stage and off it. Yes, this would do all right for the Home.

Perhaps these are about all which would pass us low-brow listeners without cat-calls and recriminations and throwing in of licences. For so many of them are about people of whom we have not heard. Henry Reed's beautiful poem about Antigone we scarcely understand, for we do not know who this Antigone may have been, and it is not clear to us from the poem what occurred to her, or why. V. S. Pritchett's brilliant and ingenious *Maisie* is a similar mystery, for we have not read much Henry James. Neither are we acutely aware of Chekhov, of whom Thomas Mann spoke so sympathetically and well, nor of Tolstoy's wife, of whom Maxim Gorky wrote kindly but coolly, which is the accepted manner to use about Tolstoy's wife; but the great interest of this is that Baroness Boudberg translated it from a manuscript that she had, and Gilbert Harding read it aloud, so after all the Light listeners might listen, anyhow for a bit. Gide spoke in French, so that we need not bother about him. Noel Annan spoke with acute critical discernment of Lytton Strachey, which is a name we have heard, but we are not sure what he wrote. Isaiah Berlin hurried on eagerly about Belinsky, of whom we certainly have not heard; but we rather liked the hurrying voice, so forgave him his erudition about all these Russian persons who kept coming in, though we did not really listen much. Some of us have heard of Virgil, and may even remember '*arma virumque cano*' from school; but when T. S. Eliot begins his talk 'Everyone knows of the importance of Virgil for St. Augustine, and of the status conceded to him in the Christian

tradition', some Light Programme listeners may feel annoyed to be standing outside this universal knowledge, and on the whole they are likely to tune in elsewhere, perceiving that this talk is not for them. This would be a pity, for it is an admirable elucidation of a cult that may (or may not) have always puzzled them.

These voices that speak to us of culture are often delightful. Alan Pryce-Jones talked of the Gallic scene today: elegant and entrancing, and bits of it—for he touched on food and drink and conversation and shops—would please any listener, because we do cross the Channel now, if sometimes only for the day. But much of this talk is better suited to egg-heads, being a delicious *soufflé* of what the arts are up to in France—writing, painting, creating (both in the noble and the nursery senses), and, in short, civilisation. Then we have the different but still more cultivated voice of Edward Sackville-West, speaking about the Cosmopolitan Spirit and how it spread over us in the nineteen-twenties, how we discovered *Abroad*, its pleasures and its arts, and how they affected us, and this talk is so exquisitely nostalgic as to evoke tears; he recreates that decade, giving it a poetic quality of melancholy, gaiety, and chic.

There are two discussions, which we less classy listeners always enjoy, and particularly when about God, as was that between Father Copleston and Lord Russell. Rather philosophical for us, with a lot about necessary and contingent beings and analytic propositions and so on; Father Copleston seemed more at home with these phrases than Lord Russell, who remarked once 'I can't find anything that they could mean'. The arguments tended to be a little circular, and left one feeling the existence of God rather less probable than before, perhaps even less desirable.

The same applies to the relation of the artist to society—improbable and undesirable that he should have one. None of the three brilliant writers, Elizabeth Bowen, Graham Greene, and V. S. Pritchett, who had to discuss this was easy about the subject, though, being brilliant, they all thought up some interesting remarks. But we wished they had been set instead to the discussion of their craft—style, cadence, plot, characters, and so forth. This kind of vague P.E.N. subject does not really do.

Finally, the Third does not neglect instruction; the memory of octopuses, the Cretan tablets, the marvels and humbugs of science—we like to learn about all these.

Altogether, as I began by saying, a capital programme and a capital selection.

ROSE MACAULAY



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Hotel Viewing

HOTEL TELEVISION ROOMS, I discovered last week, can stir up a greater interest than some of the programmes. Pursuing our belated summer from Torquay in the west to Rye in the east, I viewed the viewers as they watched 'Panorama', 'The Edge of Success' (Aidan Crawley's new series on British industry), 'Report from America' (High Schools), 'Sea and Ships' (Alan Villiers), and 'Is This Your Problem?'

The elderly ladies at the hotel I stayed at in



As seen by the viewer: 'The Edge of Success—What Our Foreign Customers Think': china made in Britain shown in the programme on September 25

so romantic was it made to seem in that 'Panorama' contribution. In the course of it, no one referred to sherry wine, an archaism for which I believe there is no warranty beyond that of prim affectation.

Arriving at Lymington, where small yacht sails were being unfurled like butterflies in an Indian summer, I presumed too much, namely, that because there are no roof aerials there is no television. In fact, it is a region of indoor aerials, with a booster station on the Isle of Wight to ensure a good picture. The television set there was in the saloon bar at the back of the house. There, in a smoky haze, I picked out eighteen watching figures, intent on a Canadian television drama called 'Flight into



'Report from America: Back to School' on September 26: a typing class for girls

Photographs: John Cura

Bournemouth, who had been listlessly looking at that moderately entertaining panel game, 'Find the Link', sat forward in their chairs for 'Panorama', reassured perhaps by the opulent presence of Richard Dimbleby that, even now, this is the best of possible worlds. Clearly, 'Panorama' has a firm hold on viewers' loyalties. One hears it quoted conversationally more often than any other regular programme within the documentary pale. 'Did you see Selwyn Lloyd in "Panorama" last night?' He was the week's guest star (to use a phrase hardly less tedious than 'hit parade') and he appeared to be more congenial to the Bournemouth ladies than his interviewer, Hugh Cudlipp, a *Daily Mirror* man whom they may have mistaken for Freddie Mills after a haircut. Although Mr. Cudlipp is professionally regarded as the *eminence grise* in that camp, the 'scoop' element would have been much stronger if his master, Cecil King, had been in the interrogatory chair. As it was, there was nothing immensely striking about the interview, though it no doubt demonstrated an increasing respect for the television medium by persons of ministerial rank. That may not be surprising seeing that an accomplished television performer, William Clark, is in charge of public relations at 10 Downing Street. He it was who helped to establish the integrity of 'Press Conference'. But I can report that it is Dimbleby who is the old ladies' hero. When he reappeared in 'Panorama' to describe the Anglo-Spanish hegemony of the sherry trade at Jerez, they were all eyes, all attention, once more. As a personal footnote, I was converted to sherry again after a somewhat discredibly long lapse,

Danger', which seemed to me to be poor quality as excitement. The concentration was terrific. No one dared to call for half-a-pint.

Then came Aidan Crawley, announcing the purpose and scope of his new industrial series. Up rose seven of the viewers, vanishing into the night. Those of us who remained were attentive in our various degrees. We ordered drinks. We scratched matches into flame. We talked among ourselves. There were no tensions to be broken. In short, this was not primarily entertainment. Myself, I thought the programme full of good television stuff, eyes and ears kept constantly alert by the efficiency of the teamwork which had put it together, an industrial mosaic of many pieces. Seen in isolation, programmes of that kind are capable of producing a considerable impact on the general viewing mentality. But the impressions they create are exposed to the risk of erosion by what comes next; in this instance, 'Picture Parade', with its appeal to lighter powers of attention. My small experiment in audience

research suggested that, even so, the viewers of south Hampshire are not strongly ticed by that programme. Five persons of remaining eleven who had given every sign of waiting hopefully for what might follow when it came on. Neither was there any obvious movement of interest when Gilbert Hardin solicited our favour for the new serial dramatisation of 'David Copperfield'. Lighting up none of us for that enterprise, he incidentally provided a reminder of the vast daily sum of waste human effort, uncomfortable to contemplate.

'Sea and Ships' went down well in my hotel in Rye, where there was more than casual appreciation of Alan Villiers' film of the dory fishermen of the Grand Banks; television with the Kipling touch. The pictures were excellent and Villiers has a style of authoritative, genial narration that makes one wish that one could reach Henty, Ballantyne, and Fenimore Cooper over again. The audience for this occasion was augmented from the bar. It was soon depleted by 'Report from America', and not necessarily because only a statutory quarter of an hour remained for drinks. The programme, dealing with life in the American high schools, left us tentatively in possession of a startling point of view put forward by a physical-culture coach at one of the schools, that in the last sixteen years American youth has become physically soft. For the rest, there was the inescapable dullness of programmes centred on school life at the sociological level.

'Is This Your Problem?', the next night, had for audience myself and one other transient. The bar trade won bottoms up, if not hands down. REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

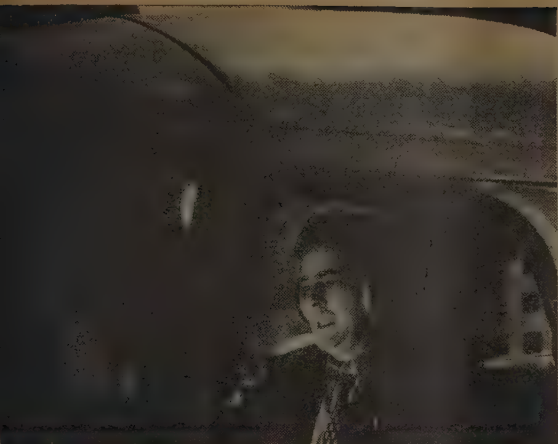
#### Good Pull Up for C

'GOOD PULL UP for Carmen'—never do I see that notice tacked on the roadside *cafés* without a happy vision forming in my mind of Bizet's wayward heroine suddenly and sharply called to account. It was just what happened to her poor soul, in the curious potted 'Carmen' pre-



Jean Madeira (on balcony) as Carmen and Rowland Jones (foreground uniform) as Don Jose in an adaptation of Bizet's 'Carmen' on September





James Doohan as George Spencer in C.B.C.'s 'Flight into Danger' on September 25, with Corinne Conley (left) as the stewardess

ented (and conducted, rather limply) by Mr. Vic Oliver together with Miss Patricia Foy. Filleted 'Carmen': it began with the smoking chorus and dashed from the *habañera* (American translation used 'Just stick around and you'll find out!') to the *danse bohémienne*, on to the love duet (but no quintet, no 'je suis amoureuse perdre l'esprit'): next the card scene, which came off well, a snatch of Micaela and then on to the death scene, done for some reason in a dressing-room—a Guthrie hangover from the Wells production but pointless. The whole thing, Mr. Oliver's jaunty *compère* insertions and all, in one hour flat. But 'flat' it was not. Mr. Oliver could *compère* anything—shall we *compère* him to a summer's day? At least here was warmth; and no wetness. But 'Carmen' is masterpiece and one tampers with it not un- punished. Everything became slightly more ridiculous than it need have been with the normal changes of mood: number telescoped into number raced like the last fifty-four seconds of 'Il trovatore'. The nuzzling, too-near tenor, nearly racking at the top of the Flower Song, sung into Carmen's shoulder blades, made a highly ugly visual composition; and the charming aritone Geraint Evans, with his Welsh fire, popped in and out of the second act like someone in 'Billy Bunter'. As for Jean Madeira, hers is a sumptuous voice, rich and fruity as ever very name. For one who makes a tremendous manner and a wonderful Erda, Carmen was a piece of cake and she revelled in it, perhaps too obviously for she really put so much pressure on the role. The card scene was impressive; it was too loud and too frantically hammed up. Sometimes she seemed to be taking off Ava Gardner in one of her fire-eating rages; at other times it was Miss Dana Romney in her 'agonies of simple sincerity' style which came to mind. I don't want to go down televised opera—on the contrary. But evidently one can do a thing by, as you imagine, popularising it, and end by pleasing no one.

The hit of the week was the ash that didn't take place at the end of the Canadian tele- recorded playlet 'Flight into Danger' by Arthur Hailey. Just Michael Barry foretold in his off preliminary, this scared the lights out of us. No one who has travelled by air and known

even the slightest qualm of anxiety on landing could easily have sat unmoved through this and, like the ghost story which I said last week you should avoid because it catches up with you, I fear I shall recall this short, pithy, and gruesomely exciting little piece next time I am airborne. On a routine trip, half the passengers and both pilots go down with fish poisoning (plausibly managed *datum*). An ex-R.C.A.F. pilot, who hasn't flown anything for ten years, and a Spitfire at that, takes over and is 'talked down' by a control room chap who keeps his voice steady even when sweat is running out of his eyes. James Doohan and Cecil Linder did it hair-raisingly; excellent presentation by David Greene. Here was something to sell television sets by the million. Good for the drama department

to have shown it. Good pull up for Barry!

It is disobliging to have to say that the English thriller two nights later, 'Pitfall' by Falkland Cary, was no more than watchable; one of the family of thrillers which go: 'wife suspects husband but is too loyal to believe the worst'. We do not either. Allan Cuthbertson, Jessica Dunning, Ysanne Churchman, and John Dexter all strove to impart life and verisimilitude, not without some success. But I found it trite and obvious.

On the other hand 'One Morning near Troodos' had a good deal of raw compassion in it but was rough cut and cheap in total effect all the same. Iain MacCormick's melodramatic, black-and-white, strip cartoon style of play-making ensures easy watching but leaves nothing behind. We feel empty—as after devouring a thriller; whereas this purported to

be a play about the Cyprus troubles, done with a veneer of sagacity and an occasional drift into argument. Yet the topicality which was intended to be so pungent had the unexpected effect of making us more, not less, conscious of the banality of the whole thing than if it had been set (as it might have been) in Ireland in 1915 or France in 1871. Edward Chapman as an odious ex-M.P. journalist who played with fire to get a good story was an Aunt Sally from the start. Rupert Davies, as the bibulous stooge, and a highly competent cast did well in Andrew Osborn's plausible production; the final shot showing the star-crossed British Tommy and the innkeeper's daughter touching hands in death as they lay riddled with bullets was accompanied by a voice saying they were young and beautiful and they were 'killed by people'. What did that mean, other than a vague shifting of the blame on to a malignant 'Them'?

'Music at Ten' became simply the Max Jaffa Show, with 'Tea for Two' on the piano trio, 'Danny Boy' illustrated by a misty inset of Danny like a French postcard come alive, and Mme. Markova a genteel sylph teetering outside the French windows in the suburban garden. Quite pleasant.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE



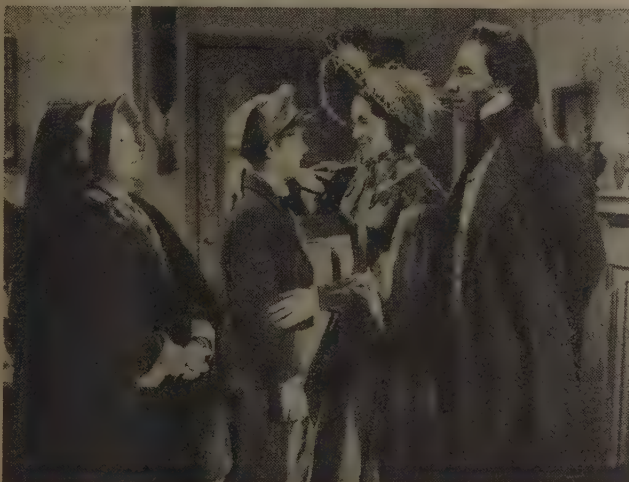
'One Morning near Troodos' on September 30, with (left to right) Rupert Davies as Walters, Edward Chapman as Stark, and Ewen Solon as Joannides

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Third Party

THIS IS the 'Third's' week: few ten-year-olds can have had so many birthday wishes from so many people. One of its cordial admirers did say, in a Home Service celebration, that he wished for more 'conscious and deliberate humour'. Still, the Third has often had what Ellaline Terriss' song called 'a naughty little twinkle in its eye'—right from those days when someone came hot-foot with tidings to a town apparently occupied by Joyce Grenfell and Ronald Simpson. ('Old Secateur', you remember, was advancing). Last weekend, for its birthday party, the Third let Peter Ustinov and Peter Jones wander all over the place—their programme was called 'In Third Gear'—and also began on a six-part serial, 'The Memoirs of Mrs. Cramp', designed to show what the Programme can do when it takes a 'menacing look at Mrs. Dale.



Scene from the first episode of 'David Copperfield' with (left to right) Edna Morris as Clara Peggotty, Leonard Cracknell as David, Diana Fairfax as his mother, and William Devlin as Mr. Edward Murdstone



Ginger ale  
or Soda?



**Mr Brandyman makes a  
luxurious long drink with either...**

More and more people are finding a new and very special pleasure in Brandy as a long drink. At the smartest parties, in the most hospitable homes, Mr. Brandyman introduces just the right note.

*Make friends with*  
**MARTELL**



2 oz. tin 9/7d

**Unfailingly fresh**

*To open, simply remove  
small rubber seal.*

Tobacco at its best. Player's Medium Navy Cut is once again supplied in the familiar pocket tin, vacuum sealed, which means that absolute freshness is retained and enjoyment assured whenever you buy it.

**PLAYER'S  
MEDIUM  
NAVY CUT TOBACCO**

[NCT 94C]

*'The choice for a lifetime'*

## YOUR CHILD

In your plans for your child's education and career life assurance can be a real help. Write today for a copy of the New "Career Policy" leaflet to



**SCOTTISH  
WIDOWS' FUND**

Head Office:  
9 St. Andrew Square,  
Edinburgh, 2  
London Offices:  
28 Cornhill, E.C.3  
17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

*"The Gateway to the Continent"*



for **Holland · Denmark  
Sweden · Germany · Austria  
Switzerland · Italy**

Return halves  
of tickets  
available by  
either  
**DAY OR NIGHT  
SERVICES**

Full details from:—British Railways' Continental Office, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2 and Travel Centre, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1, stations and agencies; or Wm. H. Muller & Co., 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

**BRITISH RAILWAYS ZEELAND S.S. CO.**

City of Nottingham

## INVESTMENT IN CORPORATION LOANS

THE CITY OF NOTTINGHAM IS PREPARED TO RECEIVE LOANS OF £100 OR UPWARDS

Interest at £5 10s. 0d. per cent per annum for periods of two, three, five and seven years. The rate of interest is not subject to variation during the selected period. Loans will be repaid in full at the end of the period, unless then renewed on mutually agreed terms. These mortgages are trustee securities and are free of cost to investors.

Application forms and other particulars may be obtained from:

**THE CITY TREASURER  
EXCHANGE BUILDINGS  
NOTTINGHAM**



Ustinov and Jones had the popular idea of the Third. The first man they met was reading Proust. The first programme they heard—a very quiet affair—was an imaginary conversation between William the Silent and the Sphinx, with a final announcement, 'This programme was recorded and will be repeated frequently'. After this the wanderers found themselves in a remarkable variety of studios, cupboards, and devices, now listening to the American leader of a strictly exploratory study group studying the possibilities of study ('Anything I might add would be entirely redundant' mused the interviewer), now considering a set of folk-dances—they included the Elizabethan Coranto (Sir Ian Jacob's Fancy)—or getting involved with the rogloidytes that, according to this wilful pair, dwell in and about the Third. The Great Twin Brethren have been, I agree, more continuously ununny (though they fastened with devilish glee on a 'Listen With Stepmother' programme); I think they were happier when they could get outside again and turn themselves into their favourite spivs. It was a nice idea to get them at last in the power of an intellectual taxi-driver, but their final destination should have been Dophorne Avenue (inhabited entirely by listeners to the Third).

'The Memoirs of Mrs. Cramp', with Angus Wilson and Christopher Sykes in partnership, began mildly but we could expect it to flower. Mr. Wilson, firing the opening salvo, also chose Proust: 'Have you ever thought how absolutely wonderful it must have been to have been Mrs. Cramp?' The speaker, Mrs. Cramp, is actually the wife of another novelist—there has been 'a sort of lull' in his popularity during the last fifteen years. Never mind that: he is ready for his first historical novel, and conscientiously setting in the mood for it. 'It all began on Monday', murmurs Mrs. Cramp, 'when Henry was busy powdering his wig'. A useful opening. On Sunday Mr. Wilson had yet to win me to his literary agent, proletarian novelist, and the rest of the team, though I did feel that Patience Collier and Ronald Simpson might flare up at any moment. Already I am in love with a 'very special sort of cat' who is called the Awful Minimal. We must cherish, too, an unobtrusive programme-note, 'Harpsichord, anonymous'.

Before the birthday celebrations began, the Third presented Giraudoux' 'Siegfried', a play to its own heart, and one that I shall think for a finely sombre, probing performance by Paul Scofield. He acted Siegfried, the man who being hailed as the champion of a renaissance Germany—it is not long after the first world war. In reality he is a Frenchman: during the war he lost his past with his memory. The drama, with its racial complexities, its conflict of wills, its insistence upon identity, does haunt. While it is in progress we can be impatient with it, for the characters—Siegfried excepted—hardly develop from the text. We cannot be satisfied with the ending when the dramatist tells us that there is an alternative (to be performed later). The play becomes intellectual mechanism; but in retrospect its intricacies can fascinate, and Mr. Scofield was steadily powerful. E. J. King Bull's production of a version by himself and Penelope Davidson).

On the night that Sir John Gielgud was opening in a Noël Coward play in Dublin—one that also included Patience Collier, the Mrs. Cramp—it was unexpectedly apt to hear him in a revival of 'Present Laughter' (Home). Coward's preposterous Garry is never likely to be so noble again; but it was a very funny performance, wittily timed, and some of our angry Young Men ought to have listened to and profited by Garry's speech beginning 'I don't care a hoot about posterity'. Posterity, I think, will know the name of R. C. Sherriff when some of the theatre's noisily crackling

squibs are forgotten. We are glad to have a festival of his work (Light), and 'Journey's End', which began it, under Peter Watts' direction, brought to us again the courage and the agony of those March days before St. Quentin; John Westbrook had the very spirit of Stanhope. Soon after this, and surprisingly, we met Henry Arthur Jones' late satirical farce, 'The Pacifists' (Home), a piece for collectors: it is dedicated to 'the tribe of wordsters, pedants, fanatics, and impossibilists'. This proved altogether too anxious for our laughter.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Themes and Variations

IN THREE TALKS in the Home Service called 'Truth and Fiction,' Elizabeth Bowen is discussing the novelist's craft, and last week in the first she spoke of that part of it which is concerned with 'Story, Theme, and Situation'. It was a talk addressed to the intelligent novel-reader, defining at the outset what a novel is and laying down some of the elements which are indispensable to the good novel, and Miss Bowen showed her skill as a broadcaster by whetting the listener's interest at once with the openings of three famous novels in which the reader's interest is inescapably caught—*Vanity Fair*, *Jane Eyre*, and *Graham Greene's Brighton Rock*. It would be interesting to know how conscious Miss Bowen herself is, while writing a novel, of the need to develop the various elements she mentioned. In this, I imagine, novelists vary greatly. In *Wuthering Heights*, for instance, I should guess that the process was largely unconscious, whereas *The Notebooks of Henry James* show that there was little that escaped the conscious James' unwinking watch. The subject of Miss Bowen's second talk was 'The People' of a novel, and finally she will consider some problems of time and period. Another question arises after listening to Miss Bowen: 'How many of the novels in our lending libraries would turn out to deserve the name if submitted to her tests?'

In the last broadcast of the series 'Reading a Poem', poet, critic, and reader were all three American. The poem was Wallace Stevens' 'The Idea of Order at Key West', the critic R. P. Blackmur, Professor of English at Princeton University, and the reader Guy Kingsley Poynter. I thought this much the most successful of the numbers I have heard of this series. Professor Blackmur's method was not to take the poem to pieces, but rather to use it and the poet's work in general as a theme for prose variations which, as in the case of some musical variations, were found to have clarified and intensified the theme when it was repeated at the end. It was a fascinating process, all the more so for Mr. Poynter's admirable reading.

I have noticed in question-and-answer programmes that a question which might justly be labelled 'silly' sometimes touches off a barrage of spontaneous wit and wisdom, for instance, from teams in 'Any Questions?' The question is followed by two seconds of silence, a silence of cold disapproval, and then some bold and alert-minded person—ten to one it's Mrs. Mary Stocks—fires the first shot, and at once the temperature leaps up and others follow suit. Such alertness always arouses my envious admiration, for it is seldom enough that most of us are wise or even witty at a moment's notice, and to combine the two amounts to genius.

Spontaneity was not required of Dr. Magnus Pyke when he replied in 'Pyke's Ark' to a typical silly question, though, having heard other of his broadcasts, I am sure he would have coped with it without hesitation at point-blank range. He was free to cook up his wit and

wisdom, write it down, and rehearse it to himself until it had the air of perfect spontaneity. The question was: 'What ten objects would you choose to represent the nineteen-fifties for future ages, supposing no other record were to survive?', and a very amusing and scientifically interesting job he made of it. But when the talk was over and we had stopped chuckling, the inevitable question arose, 'What impression of the nineteen-fifties would Dr. Pyke's gloriously incongruous set of objects produce on our descendants?' The answer is 'None whatever, unless accompanied by an extensive handbook!'

A question I am compelled once again to beg those responsible to ask themselves when fixing up a talk in English by a speaker of another nationality is: 'Will this be easily understood by listeners when the reception is less than perfect?' Actually I had been able to hear English speakers without the slightest difficulty on the evening when I listened to, but failed to hear, 'Pagodas and Palaces' by Susanne Lang. She speaks English fluently and evidently has a thorough mastery of it, but her accent has such a strong tincture of German that her ease and fluency actually become a handicap for the listener. My attention was monopolised in trying, and frequently failing, to catch the words, and when engaged in this harassing whole-time occupation the capture of sense soon becomes a vain ambition, and I had to give up the attempt.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### At a Solemn Music

MICHAELMAS WAS SOLEMNISED by a performance of Beethoven's Mass in D that was, I venture to think, the most splendid performance of a great classic in all the ten years of the Third Programme's service to the art of music. The Third Programme deserved the good fortune which crowned the labours of the B.B.C. Chorus and Choral Society trained by Leslie Woodgate, of the Symphony Orchestra, and of the four distinguished, and, what is more, excellent, soloists under Otto Klemperer's command.

This is not the place in which to attempt a survey of what the Third has achieved during the decade just ended. There have been mistakes—some silly things done, some dull—and one has been conscious now and then of a perplexity asking 'What on earth can we do next?' and receiving no decisive answer. But the very fact that the question could be posed is a measure of what had been achieved in covering the ground from the precursors of Dunstable to the followers of Schönberg—the 'jam' for most of us being in the middle of this remarkable sandwich.

To return to the present, Beethoven's Mass was the best possible answer to the question 'How shall we celebrate the tenth anniversary of our programme?' It is the noblest music designed originally for a great occasion of ceremonial pomp, and, because Beethoven too craved for peace, both 'inward and outward', it happens to answer the mood of our time. It used to be said that the Mass showed a complete disregard for liturgical considerations, that Beethoven used the Ordinary simply as the basis for an immense musical composition, whose only connection with religion was the associations of the text. Such a misconception could arise only from an ignorance of Austrian liturgical music in the preceding half-century—an ignorance which has been enlightened by the performance of Haydn's Masses in the Third Programme since their publication in the new *Gesamtausgabe*. One of them, the 'St. Cecilia Mass', was given in the Home Service last week—a striking instance of the enrichment of the Home Service by the Third.

Haydn's Mass was also composed for a special



# Here's the tape recorder with *everything* - except a very high price!



ONLY 62 gns.

Don't decide  
on a  
tape recorder  
till  
you've seen

## Major

**PHILIPS RECORDERGRAM**

(PR429)

(Made in Holland)



**PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD.**

Musical Equipment Department

Century House • Shaftesbury Avenue • London WC2

Before you choose your tape recorder be certain to hear the Philips Recordergram Major. Why? Because it costs only 62 gns. - yet just look at all its advantages:

- Choice of two tape speeds; the slower speed allows three hours' performance to be recorded on one tape.
- Extremely high quality of reproduction at either speed.
- Accurate programme indicator.
- Easy mixing of speech and music.
- "Magic Eye" control indicates correct recording level.
- Good modern design with simple push-button controls.
- Remarkably light in weight and easily portable.
- The price includes a highly sensitive microphone.
- Optional extras include a useful stop-start switch to facilitate editing.



Do your desk-work whilst relaxed in your favourite armchair!  
"Lap-tab" the revolutionary new folding armchair table is ideal for reading or writing by those who must take work home. The telescopic leg is adjustable to suit individual requirements. In the sick room the "Lap-tab" is ideal for invalids. The 30-19" steel table top is covered with non-skid beige felt and has channels provided for pens and ash-trays, making the table a first class practical job which is attractively finished.

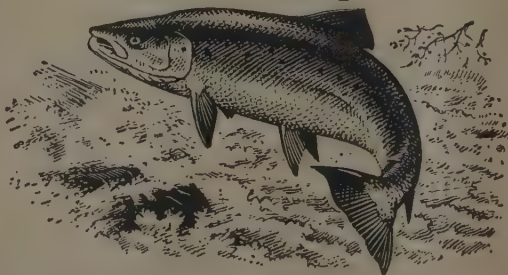
Priced **£3.1.5** Carriage Paid (U.K. only).  
Brit. Patent Nos. 615114, 735255 & 752177  
Send for illustrated folder.  
You like it or we refund your money.  
Put this on your Christmas List now



folding *Armchair* table

LAP TAB LTD., HASLUCKS GREEN RD.,  
SHIRLEY, SOLIHULL, WARWICKSHIRE

## Nature's Masterpieces



can be instantly recognised—so can  
**HARRIS TWEED**  
A masterpiece of Man and Nature

### THIS IS HOW ▶

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is a Certification Mark and, as such, has been granted with the approval of the Board of Trade. THE MARK warrants that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES. Beware of imitations.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH  
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT  
Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



## TRAVELLING PRISON...

Driven through the restless night, jolted over byways and showgrounds during the day, the travelling circus is on its way to provide yet another town with an hour or so's amusement... Pent in cages just large enough to satisfy the too-modest requirements of the law are captive creatures from the jungle and the spacious sunlit plains—bewildered, raging or resigned. The bear or the motor cycle, the lion who leaps through a flaming hoop—wretched prisoners forced to perform to a timetable. Forever caged, for them there is no appeal, and no release until death. When we attend their performances WHAT are we condoning? Please help the RSPCA to prevent this exploitation of wild animals. Gifts for sale, donations and legacies will be gratefully received. Write to the Chief Secretary R.S.P.C.A., Dept. L. 10, Jermyn Street, London S.W.1.



Remember the  
**RSPCA**



occasion, not one so pompous as the enthronement of an Archduke in an archiepiscopal chair, but still an occasion demanding unusual expansiveness and splendour. So it is interesting to find Haydn doing, on a more modest scale, some of the very things that Beethoven was to do fifty years later. Thus Haydn solves the problem of musical design posed by the musically intractable clauses of the *Credo*, by reiterations of a 'credo' theme. His theme is less immediately striking and downright than Beethoven's, but the principle is the same. It is worth while also to compare the two settings of '*Incarnatus*', which, for all Beethoven's greater richness and exacter instrumentation, have the same recitative-like character. And Haydn's *Agnus Dei* has something of the dramatic sense of awe with which Beethoven opens his tremendous epilogue.

It is not necessary to suppose that Beethoven knew the 'St. Cecilia' Mass or had it in mind when he was working on the Mass in D. What

he did have in mind were the general traditions of liturgical music as understood in his time, of which some at least of the points of resemblance I have noted are examples. It is not by accident that the opening phrases of the '*Incarnatus*' are given to the tenor voice. This was common form in the Masses of Haydn and other composers of the time, though Mozart made a famous exception, for Constanze's sake, in his Mass in C minor.

The fact that, in some of the most striking passages in his Mass, Beethoven was conforming to tradition does not lessen the magnitude of his achievement. His musical genius transmuted conventional forms wherever it touched them. It is, perhaps, in those passages of fugal writing for the chorus, where he was being most 'original', that his music is less than wholly satisfying. The fugues which end the *Gloria* and *Credo* are tremendously powerful, but, even in so wonderful a performance as that of last Saturday,

they remain rather ungrateful to the ear. Klemperer and his forces took these immensities magnificently in their stride, but what aroused special admiration was the precision of attack and the beauty of tone perfectly balanced in certain quiet, long chords for the chorus and soloists whose names—Anny Schlemm, Grace Hoffman, Anton Dermota and Josef Greindl—must be recorded *honoris causa*. Here was something like perfection.

Among other things heard was the concert of the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Georges Tzipine, whose admirably chosen programme contained Gerald Finzi's Violoncello Concerto, beautifully played by Christopher Bunting. The work with its serene slow movement had, in the melancholy event, the character of a valediction from that sensitive and delightful personality, whose death last Thursday is a loss to music and a grief to his friends.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Bizet in Scotland

By WINTON DEAN

'La Jolie Fille de Perth' will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, October 5, and 5.0 p.m. on Sunday, October 7 (both Third)

WE may sometimes be tempted to wonder what romantic opera-composers would have done without Sir Walter Scott. His novels inspired countless operas in the fifty years after Waterloo. They were not of course true to the originals, even though Boieldieu employed Scottish folksongs (trimmed by French tailoring) in 'La Dame Blanche'. Indeed the plots generally turned out very much alike, with the same pattern of darkness, disguise, conspiracy and abduction, and a high insanity rate among the operanos; this was what the theatre public liked and demanded. Bizet's 'La Jolie Fille de Perth', composed in 1866, was a late crop from this oil; and the libretto followed the old recipe.

Its principal author, J. H. Vernoy de Saint-Georges, was nearly forty years older than Bizet, whom he nevertheless survived. A follower ofcribe, and purveyor of some ten dozen librettos to Adam, Auber, Halévy, Flotow, and their contemporaries, he seems to have had very little talent except that of the sausage-machine: he could convert any literary product into the same constricted shape. But a young composer at the start of a precarious career dared not refuse a direct commission and the chance to collaborate with an established author. Bizet complained of the quality of his verses, and said that if he used them for composing he would never write a note. Much more serious were the defects of construction and characterisation. A manuscript of Act III of the libretto survives. Covered with Bizet's corrections and rewrites, and still a long way from its final form, it bears eloquent witness to his struggles with the recalcitrant design. He certainly improved it, abolishing among other things a static ensemble—after the action had been completed—at the end of the scene. But the task was hopeless from the start, for the whole plan of the libretto was out of joint. Opera had passed from the age of 'La Dame Blanche' (a pet aversion of Bizet's) into that of 'Die Meistersinger'.

Bizet composed the music in the latter half of 1866, making use of material from his unproduced operas 'Don Procopio' and 'Ivan Ivan'. He had to wait a full year before production, at the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris on December 26, 1867. By a significant irony this was the only one of his operas that was reasonably well received by press and public. Not that it benefited him much: the theatre soon collapsed in financial ruin, and the opera was not revived in Paris till 1890. One critic, Johannes Weber of

*Le Temps*, took Bizet to task for concessions to the singers, a charge which he admitted in an often quoted letter, abjuring for ever 'the school of *floflons*, trills and falsehoods'. It is quite true that the part of Catherine, written for Christine Nilsson (though she broke her contract and did not sing it), contains a good deal of tinsel; nor could the friendliest critic defend her mad scene in the last act. But Catherine is a trivial and flighty character, quite unlike Scott's heroine, and Saint-Georges was a librettist of the *floflon* age. Bizet, like other born dramatic composers, responded instinctively to the quality of his librettos. We need not look further than this to explain the weakness of Act IV of 'La Jolie Fille de Perth', which despite the charming St. Valentine chorus is no more than a bundle of old operatic tricks.

In the circumstances it is surprising that Bizet made as much of the story as he did. Very little is left of Scott's novel, except the names of Smith, Catherine, and the Duke of Rothsay—and Saint-Georges at first called the hero Schmitt. His drawing of the background went little deeper than an occasional mention of 'vieux Whisky d'Ecosse' and the siting of Perth on the Tweed; nor did Bizet make any attempt at Scottish colour in the music. But he did know how to profit from the conversion of the Glee-Maiden Louise into Mab, Queen of the Gipsies; the famous *Danse bohémienne* is worthy of 'Carmen'. His most successful character is Ralph, the jealous apprentice; the drinking song in Act II, whose uncouth exterior scarcely veils the suffering beneath, is a penetrating and original piece of musical psychology. Glover, Catherine's father, is little more than a *buffo* bass with a taste for whisky, and Smith and that professional seducer the Duke of Rothsay (another sad decline from Scott) are the hero and villain of convention. We may detect in the Duke a faint foretaste of Escamillo (one of his songs, like the Toreador's *couplets*, is marked *avec fatuité*), but he is more like a tame baritone version of his fellow-nobleman in 'Rigoletto'.

Where Bizet does score is in his very subtle and musical use of dramatic irony, especially in Act II. The Duke enlists Mab's aid in the abduction of Catherine, but Mab, one of his cast-off mistresses, disguises herself in Catherine's place. Meanwhile the latter endeavours to teach Smith a lesson by ignoring his serenade. Ralph, the worse for drink, thinks he sees Catherine being carried off in the Duke's litter, and sends Smith in hot pursuit, just before the real

Catherine appears at her window and answers Smith's serenade, for the first time in the major key. Bizet's use here of the themes of the serenade, Ralph's drinking song, and the Duke's wooing of Catherine in the previous act (a delightful tune with a touch of Verdi), as well as his evocation of atmosphere by means of rich yet delicate orchestration, shows dramatic genius of the first order. The serenade, adapted from 'Don Procopio', is seldom sung or printed as Bizet wrote it. There is another scene of the finest irony in Act III, when the Duke makes advances to the false Catherine while his courtiers dance to the strains of a minuet behind the scenes. The minuet is familiar from its incorporation after Bizet's death in the second 'L'Arlesienne' suite; but it is far more effective, with the voice parts, in its proper context.

'La Jolie Fille de Perth' is not an *opéra-comique* in the technical sense, since it has no spoken dialogue, but it has something of the genuine *opéra-comique* manner, which is concerned with the emotions of everyday life as opposed to the dynastic motives and contrived situations of Meyerbeerian grand opera. In this respect it marks an important advance on 'Les Pêcheurs de Perles' in the direction of 'Carmen'. Bizet was beginning to recover the fluent touch that had graced his earliest work but with the onset of selfconsciousness had suffered a temporary eclipse. He always failed when he attempted the grandiose—and he devoted too much of his short life to operatic schemes, many of them never finished, that were quite unfitted to his genius. There is little of this in 'La Jolie Fille de Perth'; the nearest approach is the deplorably vulgar duet for Smith and Ralph in Act IV. Much more characteristic is the delicious chorus of the Watch at the beginning of Act II, another piece spoiled in most performances and in the current vocal score. This brilliantly epigrammatic little scene foreshadows the Bizet of 'Jeux d'enfants'. It has no connection with the plot, but serves a manifest dramatic purpose in preparing the way for what follows.

Such occasional gems of the neatest workmanship—the *Danse bohémienne* is another—together with the natural grace and tunefulness of Bizet's style, his almost unrivalled mastery of orchestration, and his feeling for the irony of a dramatic situation, are quite enough to keep the opera alive. Despite its feeble libretto, 'La Jolie Fille de Perth' is still, as Professor Westrup's Oxford revival proved last year, a most enjoyable theatrical experience.



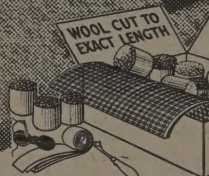
# PANDA - the easiest way for you to make luxurious pure wool rugs!



IN DESIGNS AND COLOURS TO SUIT  
YOUR OWN FURNISHING SCHEMES

There are over 50 beautiful rug designs in full colour in the **FREE Panda Rug Book** offered below.

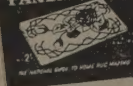
Serial No. ★ 2129  
**BRITISH**  
**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE**  
**GUARANTEES**  
REFUND OF MONEY OR REPLACEMENT  
IF NOT IN CONFORMITY WITH THE  
INSTITUTE'S STANDARDS



**ONLY PANDA HAS ALL THESE ADVANTAGES**  
Panda Complete Rug Making Outfits contain everything you need to make one complete rug: Strong, stencilled canvas; wool cut to right length; latchet hook; and binding tape. Panda Rugs are longer lasting, cost less, are made with 100% pure six-ply wool, and every Panda Rug Making Outfit is guaranteed and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute.

## PANDA COMPLETE RUG-MAKING OUTFITS

PANDA RUGS



### FREE!

To **ASPINALL BROS.**  
(Hudd.) Ltd.  
Carleton New Mills,  
Skipton-in-Craven, Yorks

Please send me a copy of the **PANDA RUG BOOK** "National Guide to Home Rug Making", with wool samples, entirely **FREE**, and without obligation.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

L/10/56

Panda Rug Making Outfits come direct to you from the mills of Aspinall Bros. (Hudd.) Limited and cannot be obtained elsewhere.



The "Peter Marsh" range includes: Wrought iron wall brackets, lamps and hanging candelabra. Table lamps and hanging lanterns in sparkling crystal glass and wrought iron. Wine wagons, fire screens, paper racks, candlesticks and a miscellany of articles beautifully shaped in wrought iron.

## Lamps Lanterns and Wrought Iron



Send 2d. stamp for illustrated leaflet and name of nearest stockist. Just write your name and address in the margin of this magazine.

THE HOUSE OF PETER MARSH LTD. (Dept. L.10), BRADFORD ST., BIRMINGHAM. Tel.: VICTORIA 0044

Where your money does its job

—and brings you a full

## 4% TAX FREE

Equal to £6.19.2 PER CENT GROSS

### STATE BUILDING SOCIETY

## MAXIMUM SECURITY

- ★ Easy withdrawals
- ★ Income Tax borne by the Society
- ★ Any amount accepted up to £5,000
- ★ No depreciation

*25 years of progressive expansion*

**JUNE 1931 — JUNE 1956**

**ASSETS NOW EXCEED**

**£4,000,000**

Full particulars from the Secretary:

**STATE BUILDING SOCIETY**

9, State House

26, Upper Brook Street, Park Lane  
London, W.1 Telephone: MAYfair 8161

## FREE

**BROCHURE ON THE LATEST METHODS  
OF HOME TRAINING**

**CAREERS—HOBBIES—NEW INTERESTS**

**PRIVATE AND INDIVIDUAL TUITION IN YOUR OWN HOME**

**NEW!**

**LEARN THE PRACTICAL WAY**

**with EXPERIMENTAL OUTFIT!**

With many courses we supply equipment for practical work at reasonable cost. These include:

**RADIO, TELEVISION, ELECTRICITY  
CHEMISTRY, MECHANICS, CARPENTRY  
PHOTOGRAPHY, DRAWING, etc.**

**Courses from 15/- per month**

### EMI INSTITUTES

An Educational Organisation associated with E.M.I. group of Companies including "HIS MASTER'S VOICE", COLUMBIA, etc.

**POST THIS COUPON TODAY**

Send for our **FREE** book, **E.M.I. INSTITUTES**,  
Dept. 183, Grove Park Road, London, W.4.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Subject(s) of Interest..... I.C.70



Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. Walsham (London, S.E. 27); 2nd prize: J. J. Holloway (Barton-on-Sea); 3rd prize: E. R. Best (Surbiton)



## POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

**G.C.E.**

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education can serve as (1) evidence of a sound general education (2) the first step to a degree and (3) the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides individually-conducted postal courses for all G.C.E. examinations at very reasonable fees, payable by instalments if desired.

**PROSPECTUS** from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51,

**WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

**Write for Profit**

If you have a ready pen you can be trained to write and sell articles and stories in spare time—wherever you live. Hundreds of editors buy contributions.

Learn the essential technique by post—how to write, what to write about and HOW TO SELL. Send to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJ32C), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer."

If you want training that matches your enthusiasm, generous personal service that meets your every need, write for the prospectus today—while you think of it.

By applying now you will have the opportunity of enrolling at very moderate terms. Many pupils earn the fee several times over during tuition.

**Hand built****RADIOGRAMPHONE****Equipment**

INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS

**Universal Electronic Products**

36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

WELbeck 4058

**Vic Oliver**

Star of Stage, Radio, Television, and Conductor of the BRITISH CONCERT ORCHESTRA with his own CHAPPELL Grand.



Please write for details and name of nearest agents.

**CHAPPELL**

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.  
50 New Bond Street, London, W.1.  
Telephone: MAYfair 7600

**UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE**

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc. Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

**Home Study Courses**

- U.C.C. prepares students for London University General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), External Degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus.), Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, etc.; General Certificate (all Levels, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), Law Society Prelim., Bar (Pts. I and II), A.C.P., L.C.P., and various Teachers' Diplomas, Civil Service, and many other examinations. The College, founded in 1887, is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS of U.C.C. Courses to the Registrar,  
**56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE**



IN KOREA alone 4,000 hungry refugee children look to us each day for their hot meal; in the Near East malnutrition has reduced some babies to living skeletons; while in Hong Kong thousands of refugee families have nowhere to live except the open street or exposed rooftops.

Please send a gift NOW to help a child back to health and happiness.

10/- provides a nourishing meal for 120 orphans.

£1 helps us to give a home to a sick or aged refugee.

£7/10/0 covers the daily distribution in a Sick Babies' Clinic.

Send to Listener Relief, Barclays Bank Ltd., Old Bank, High Street, Oxford.

**DISCARDED CLOTHING**

Clean, moth-free garments of all types wanted, especially for men and boys.

Send to: Oxford/Listener Relief, c/o Davies Turner & Co., 50a Bourne St., London, SW1

**OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF**

(Reg'd. War Charities Act, 1940)

SUPPORTERS INCLUDE: Lord Beveridge, Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., Sir Malcolm Sargent, Dame Sybil Thorndike.

**LEARN ANOTHER LANGUAGE THE EASY ASSIMIL WAY**

Listen—Imitate! There is a childlike simplicity about learning languages the Assimil way—the natural way! As a child learns its Mother tongue—simply and efficiently—so, by means of Assimil records and books you can just as easily master French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian. Assimil, plus adult comprehension, is the key to learning any of these languages in a few months by daily 15 minute periods of repetition.

Try it and you will become yet another enthusiast.

Preliminary and Advanced Continuation Courses: records and books in

**FRENCH · GERMAN  
ITALIAN · SPANISH  
RUSSIAN**

Some other courses are available for those whose native tongue is not English.

ASSIMIL (England) Dept. 183/0

10 Pembridge Square, London, W.2 Tel: Bayswater 5131

**MAKE WRITING YOUR HOBBY THIS YEAR**

If you have "always meant to write when you had time" you can have no better time than now. Bigger papers bigger chances. Don't put it off any longer. The LSJ for 35 years has led the world in correspondence coaching of a personal character that is unequalled. LSJ students sell their work while they study and each course is planned for the individual.

The LSJ was founded under the patronage of the great leaders of the Press and its unmatched results caused "Truth" to say: "The LSJ claims less and achieves more."

Advice is given freely to all those who would like a preliminary opinion before they begin and there is no obligation. There are courses in Journalism, Story Writing, Radio or T.V. Plays, Poetry, Literature and History.

The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but shows you how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are moderate. Begin now with the long evenings before you.

Chief Secretary,

**LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**

19, Hertford Street, Park Lane, London, W.1

GROsvenor 8250

"There are LSJ students all over the world."

**SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS**

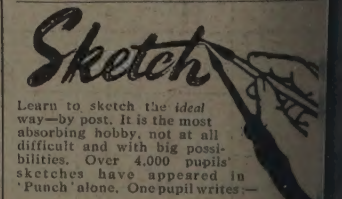
A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for General Certificate of Education and Prelim exams; for B.A., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commerce exams; for professional exams in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretarialship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES! Guarantee of Coaching until Successful! Text-book lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D11).

**METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST. ALBANS**

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4



Learn to sketch the ideal way—by post. It is the most absorbing hobby, not at all difficult and with big possibilities. Over 4,000 pupils' sketches have appeared in "Punch" alone. One pupil writes—

"but for the Press Ari School I would have missed what is now the most important thing in my life."

The free illustrated handbook, almost a drawing lesson in itself, shows how you can have a "second string to your bow." It gives fullest details of Courses for absolute Beginners and Advanced Students wishing to take up Water Colour, Illustration or Commercial Art, etc. Send for your copy today to Percy V. Bradshaw.

**THE PRESS ART SCHOOL LT**  
(Dept. T.L.20) Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.